The Rutherford Star.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT AND THEN GO AHEAD.—DAVY CROCKET.

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THE

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POETRY.

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A soldier *of* the Legion lay dying in Algiers:
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life blood ebbed away,
And bent with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered as he took his comrade's hand,
And he said, I never more shall see my own my native land;
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen, at Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun;
And 'midst the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,
The death wounds on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;
And some were young and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,
And one had come from Bingin, from Bingin on the Rhine,

Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
That I was still a truant bird, who thought my home a cage;
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child,
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword,
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright Eght used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen, calm Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again with gay and gallant tread;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die:
And if a comrade seek her love, O, ask her in my name;
To listen to him kindly without regret or shame;
And to hang this old sword in its place, (my father's sword and mine,)
For the honor of old Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine.

There's another—not a sister—in the happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye,
Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning,
O, friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning.
Tell her the last night of my life, (for e'er the sun be risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison.)
I dreamed I stood beside her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine clad hills of Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

I saw the blue Rhine sweep along; I heard, or seemed to hear
The German songs I used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear,
And down the pleasant river and up the pleasant hill,
The echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm and still;
And her sad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well remembered walk,
And her little hands lay lightly, confidingly in mine—
But we'll meet no more at Bingen, loved Bingen on the Rhine.

His voice grows faint and hoarse, his grasp was childish weak,
His eyes put on a dying look, he sighed and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled—
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead.
And the soft moon rose slowly up, and calmly she looked down,
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown;
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene, her pale light seemed to shine,
As it did on distant Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

SELECTED STORY.

A Woman's Sacrifice.

"Your cousin is coming, Hortense," said Mme. de l'Orme to her daughter, as she handed her a letter which she had just finished reading.

"I am so glad," said Hortense, as she laid the letter down.

"Dear Nathalie! I have not seen her for so long. I mean to make her so happy while she is with us. I wonder if she has changed much since I saw her?"

"I think not, except that now she is a woman, and when you saw her she was a mere child."

"I wonder if she is very different from me, being brought up and educated in England. You know, mamma, how very different English women are from French women. I shall not know how to treat her at first. When will she be here? Let me see," continued Hortense, taking up the letter. "On Wednesday, and this is Monday. I must arrange the room next to mine for her. Dear Nathalie," and Hortense ran out of the room with the bright careless laugh of a true, guileless heart.

Mme. de l'Orme, left alone, began to to reflect.

"Have I done right in asking Nathalie to come here? May she not be in Hortense's way? I know Hortense so well. Her heart is free from envy, and so generous, that she will not only give way to Nathalie, but her greatest pleasure will be to see her put forward and admired. But then Nathalie may be like her, and besides they are very fond of each other," and so Mme. de l'Orme's better feelings conquered, and when Nathalie arrived there was no feeling but the warmest affection in the welcome which she met.

—Nathalie was a tall, very handsome brunette, with large, brilliant black eyes that flashed like diamonds under the slightest excitement. There was, however, a certain *bruipurie* in her manner, which, though subdued by her good breeding and refinement, jarred sometimes unpleasantly on others. She was a very brilliant conversationalist, and in a drawing room always took the lead. She seemed to eclipse Hortense. But Hortense gloried in her cousin's triumph, in the admiration she received from all. Hortense always sank in the back ground, but she had as much talent and as many accomplishments as Nathalie, only her manner was so quiet and so gentle that it was necessary to know her well to discover them. Therefore Hortense did not shine in a drawing-room where she met people for the first time, and often the last. It was in her home and amidst its familiar visitors that her true worth was seen.

One evening they were all sitting quietly at work with three or four priviledged intimate friends, when the door opened and V. S. Croix entered. He was an old friend, and was always welcomed at any hour. He had been absent from Paris for the past few weeks, and had consequently never seen Nathalie.—He looked a little annoyed at seeing a stranger added to the usual party, and especially a lady, to whom he would have to be doubly "polite" and ceremonious.

Victor St. Croix, hated formality or ceremony, and the freedom and sociability of Mme. de l'Oeme's house were its chief attractions to him, tired as he was of the conventionalities of the world outside of it. Therefore, to-night, Nathalie seemed an intruder, and he felt irritated against her. But he was, of course, too well bred to show it. After a formal introduction by Mme. de l'Orme, he crossed the room, and sat down by Hortense. He had known her from childhood, and he treated her with the kind familiarity of a brother. Hortense raised her eyes quietly, and held out her hand.

"Hortense, when did your cousin come? How glad you must be to have her with you?

There was a slight tinge of irony in the last words which annoyed Hortense, and with deepened color she replied:

"She has only been here two weeks. I am more than glad to have her with me—I am happy. Victor, if you knew her you would understand why I love her. She is so good, so noble, so beautiful. Do you not think she is beautiful?"

"Not particularly," said he, "but really I did not look." Seeing he was determined to disagree with her in everything, with a gesture of impatience she rose and went to the piano.

M. St Croix resumed his old habit of coming every evening, and soon he repented his hasty judgement of Nathalie. She was so brilliant, so agreeable to him. Though he soon became familiar with her, his manner was of course not as frank and cordial with her as with Hortense.

One evening Mme. de l'Orme said, "Hortense, you never sing any more.—Come, sing to Victor one of his old favorite songs. You have not sung to him since his return."

"Because he has not asked me," said Hortense, gently; but there was a tone of sadness in her voice. She went to the piano and sang his favorite. But when she ceased he was at the other end of the room talking in an undertone to Nathalie. She rose and quietly resumed her embroidery. There was a bitterness in her heart which brought the hot tears to her eyes, but they did not fall.

Until now he had always taken such an interest in all she liked; he had encouraged her always when she turned from the piano after singing to him, she had met his warm smile of appreciation—until now. When he came to say good night to her, she gave him her hand calmly, and raised her quiet grey eyes to his with a clear, calm look, and he never suspected the struggle going on beneath that look.

Another month went on, and day by day Nathalie saw the love that was growing in Victor for Nathalie.

During all those days Hortense was as calm and as quiet as usual, and though in the evening when she heard his step, her heart throbbed wildly, her manner never changed, and she always met him with the same quiet look. But at night, when all was silent, and she was alone in her room, then the mighty resistless storm of agony which everpowered her, told how passionately she loved Victor.

With the unmistakable instinct of woman, she *knew* he did not love her. She knew he loved Nathalie. Perhaps, if she tried, she might yet win him, but loving him as she did, his happiness was her first desire. She could better endure her new misery in relinquishing him, than she could the sight of his suffering.

"She saw that his happiness depended upon Nathalie, and she resolved to help win that happiness for him. This would be reward enough for her own sacrifice.

One night, as she was pacing her room before going to a sleepless bed, she heard a knock at the door, and, when she unlocked it, Nathalie, entered. Her face was flushed, and she seemed very much excited.

"Hortense, *ma belle*," she said, "I have something to say to you. Will you let me stay with you a little while?"

"Certainly, dear Nathalie. Calm yourself, and then tell me what has happened."

Hortense sat down by the fire, and Nathalie knelt down before her, and putting her arms around her, said:

"Well, then, Hortense, M. St. Croix loves me, and has asked me to be his wife. Tell me what you think," and Nathalie's head sank in Hortense's lap as she waited for a reply.

Hortense sat still staring at the fire.—She forgot to speak, until Nathalie looked up into her face to see why she did not answer.

This roused Hortense, and Nathalie saw nothing of the struggle in her heart.

"You want to know what I think?" she said in her quiet voice. "I can tell you in a question—do you love him?"

"Yes," said Nathalie, with the color deepening in her face.

"Then marry him, Nathalie. If you love him, there is nothing I so much desire."

And Hortense spoke the truth, though Nathalie did not know the real meaning of her words. He would be happy.—That was enough for Hortense. The good-night kiss she gave Nathalie was warmer than ever, because she loved him, and through her his happiness would come. Was she in that moment less a martyr than those of olden times, who gave their lives to torture rather than be false to the thing they loved?

As Nathalie closed the door, Hortense, without a word, sank down where she stood. She was utterly crushed. Her sorrow was beyond expression. All through the long hours till morning she sat there, conscious, but stunned; with eyes wide open in a vacant stare. She was very quiet; no sigh escaped her. It was not until the sunlight streamed into the room across her eyes that she moved, and then she got up calmly, smoothed her hair, and went down stairs looking as usual, except that her lips were slightly compressed.

Nathalie was an orphan, and had, therefore, no one but her aunt, Mme. de l'Orme, to consult about her marriage, and she was delighted that her niece should marry so well. A month later Nathalie became Mme. St. Croix. At Nathalie's desire, they went to England for their wedding tour. They desired so much to see it again. She also wished Hortense to accompany them, but this was too much for her to do, but she proposed to visit them on their return. She was obliged to redeem her word, from the fear of rousing suspicions of the truth by such determined refusal. So when they had been married a year, Hortense went to stay with them. They had a beautiful country-house a long way from Paris, so that the journey seemed intolerable to Hortense with such agonizing thoughts as hers.

She was welcomed with open arms by both, and Victor was very fond of society, and always had as many people as possible at his house. The most frequent visitor there was Mr. Sanclos. He was very handsome, very witty and very fascinating. He did not, however get on very well with Hortense, who disliked him from the first time she saw him. So at last, whenever he came, he merely noticed her as much as politeness required, and took refuge with Nathalie. He was always with her.

Nathalie was changed. She avoided ever being alone with Hortense; in fact, always avoided her. Hortense was pained at this, and utterly at a loss to understand it.

One day a letter came to M. St. Croix, summoning him to Paris on important business. He was not to return for a week. Three nights after this Hortense was roused from her sleep by a pistol shot. She sprang to her door and opened it. She heard Victor's voice for a moment, then a door was violently closed, and all was silent. She listened for some time, and then heard violent sobs. She went noiselessly down stairs and listened at the door of the library, from where the sounds came. It was Victor, and in sorrow. Without another thought she opened the door and went in.

He was leaning upon the table, with his face buried in his hands, and convulsive subs shook him with a violence which seemed to choke him. He raised his face as she entered. Such a face!—all haggard, and pale as death.

"Victor, what has happened?" she gasped.

"Hortense—Hortense! My wife—the woman I have loved so devotedly—she is false, false, false!"

Hortense shuddered with horror.

"What do you mean, Victor? In Heaven's name, explain!"

"Having accomplished my business in Paris three days sooner that I expected, I hastened home to Nathalie, for every hour passed away from her is an eternity to me. As I came up the walk, and looked up to her window, as lovers look, I saw—oh, Hortense, think of it—I saw a man descending from her room, and she gave him a parting kiss. On the impulse of the moment I grasped my pistol and fired, and then, without waiting to see the result, I rushed like mad on to the house When I reached this room my feelings overcame me, and I had no strength to go to her. Hortense, this will kill me. I loved her with my whole heart and soul—love her as few men love. I trusted her with my happiness, it depended so entirely upon her."

His agony overpowered him. The sight of his suffering was torture to Hortense. She saw how he loved Nathalie, how his happiness depended upon her, and what agony he endured in the thought that she was false to him. Could she do nothing? Was there no sacrifice in her power to restore peace to the heart she would die to save from pain?

A sudden light came into her face.—There was one way—she was resolved. She left the room and went to Nathalie's room. Nathalie was lying on the sofa half unconscious, but when she heard Hortense she threw herself on her knees before her, and in an agony of remorse and despair, gasped out:

"Victor, where is he? Will he—can he ever forgive me?"

Hortense looked down at her with an expression of contempt. As this woman had brought happiness to Victor, as long as she had blessed him with her love, she had loved her for his sake; but now, when betrayed him, when she made him suffer, she loathed her. But she must save him. She spoke in a cold, constrained voice:

"I alone can restore peace and happiness to this house, but remember I do it for his sake, not for yours. For you must act a part—you must do as I dictate. You once destroyed my happiness, but you shall not destroy his. Do you hear, you *shall* not. Swear to me that you will do as I desire."

"I swear!—anything, anything, to spare him!"

"Then tell me the name of your lover—was it not—"

"M. Sanclos," said Nathalie, sinking in shame upon the floor.

Without a word, Hortense left the room, and went down to the library again. She went very quietly up to Victor, and laying her hand on his shoulder, said in a low tone:

"Victor, I have a confession to make; will you listen to me?"

"Go on," he said.

"Victor, I am the guilty one. I deceived you; but after I left you, I was overcome with remorse. I could not let Nathalie be sacrificed for *my* fault, so I came back to tell you."

He looked up with a mingled expression of surprise, joy, hope and fear.

"*You!* Impossible, Hortense; I *saw* him come from Nathalie's room."

"Yes; but she was not there. I heard Nathalie coming to my room, and I hurriedly told M. Sanclos that, he might escape in going through the room between Nathalie's and mine into hers, and so by the window there."

She could say no more. He looked at her for a moment and then said:

"Hortense, though you have taken a great sorrow from me, you have still caused great pain. I have always looked upon you as a dear sister, but now as you know, it is impossible for Nathalie and you and I to be together. You may trust me, though; none shall ever know what has happened. M. Sanclos shall never enter my house again."

She had mentioned the name of Sanclos on purpose, that Victor might forbid him the house, and to keep him away from Nathalie.

"You are right in all you say, Victor and I understand you. I shall go home to-morrow."

As she ceased speaking the door opened, and Nathalie entered.

Victor sprang toward her, and taking her up in his arms like a child, kissed her, imploring her pardon. When he released her, she was going to throw herself at his feet, and by imploring his forgiveness, betray all. With a quick presence of mind, she came to Nathalie and said:

"Can you forgive me, Nathalie, as Victor does? Can you pardon the trouble I have brought upon you?"

Nathalie understood her, and with a passionate burst of tears, exclaimed:

"Oh, Hortense! You *shall not.*"

Hortense interrupted her, and in a low tone said to her:

"You have sworn to do as I wish.—Your can serve *me* best by giving *him* happiness."

So Nathalie was silenced. The next day Hortense left them, and as she crossed that threshold for the last time, her heart went up in a silent prayer for him who had been her *fate.* When Nathalie put her arms around her, and kissed her with a nearly breaking heart, she looked at her with a look of almost sublime peace and resignation, which told Nathalie that she was really happy in her sacrifice.

And long years after, when she thought of it in her quiet far off home, and thought of the joy it had brought to the man she loved, the same look was still in her face, and she felt it had not been *all* a sacrifice.

A Strange Dream and a Wedding.

One of the happiest men that ever journeyed a hundred miles from Michigan, took the Toledo express on Saturday, at Fremont, bound for Toledo and his home in Michigan. He told a strange story, of which the following is the substance:

Some weeks since, while at home in Michigan, he retired to rest after a hard day's work, and falling asleep, dreamed a dream. He appeared to have taken a long journey from "home," where he had been located for years, and had scarcely lost sight of, and where he had lived "a happy old bach," and never thought of matrimony.

In that dream a vision appeared unto him. He arrived at a place in Ohio, which was called Fremont. It appeared that soon after his arrival in that place he formed the acquaintance, and that, after a short but happy courtship, he married her and returned to his home in Michigan, where he became wealthy, lived happily, and raised a numerous family of children, and in time trotted his grandchildren upon his knee. He then awoke; it was broad daylight, and his mother was at his door calling him down to breakfast.

At the breakfast table he related his dream to the old lady, and she was deeply impressed with it. He told her it was his intention to at once seek out the beautiful creature of whom he had dreamed, and the old lady, believing there was a special providence in it, and being also a firm believer in dreams, advised him by all means to go and find her if he could, and if he couldn't find her to bring back an Ohio girl any way, "for you know," said she, "the Ohio girls are right smart." So John packed up his little wardrobe and took the first train out for Ohio, and lost no time in reaching Fremont.

When he arrived at that place he was surprised to discover the sign at the depot, containing the name of the place, was an exact duplicate of the one he had seen in his dream, and that the depot buildings and general appearance of the city corresponded exactly with his vision. He put up at the Kelper House and began his search. For two or three days he was unsuccessful, but finally, just before he was on the point of returning home, he came face to face with a maiden at the post office. "Tis she," said he, all to himself, and then he walked up manfully and told her his story; his dream, and of his place in Michigan, and frankly asked her to share his lot with him.

She said something about its being sudden; she would would rather wait a few days before giving an answer; but he was determined to have it there and then, and she finally said she was all his own. He accompanied her to her home, and that evening he told her fond parents all about it. And they pronounce it good. The day following they were married, and at once commenced their journey Michigan-ward.

The man was a fine looking fellow, so happy that he could scarcely contain himself. He protested roundly that it was the woman he saw in his dream that he had met and married, and that all, from first to last, had been exactly as he pictured in his dream. The lady was of a pleasing appearance, and comely looking, a few years younger than he, and seemed to be brimfull of fun and to enjoy the novelty of the thing fully as much as her husband. Take them, all in all, they were well matched and were doubtless made for each other. He said only one thing was lacking to make his happiness complete and that was the fulfilment of the latter part of his dream.—*Cleveland Leader.*

The Skeletons of Pompeii.

Some of the details of these discoveries, contained in the journal of the excavations, are extremely curious and interesting. Thus we read that, on the 20th of August, 1795, a human skeleton was found in the corridor of a house which the volcanic matter had not penetrated, but had so completely closed by obstructing the doors that escape was impossible. Here the wretched man lived in utter darkness, we know not how long.

It is a significant circumstance, that his bones, instead of lying in one place, were scattered about the apartment, and showed marks of having been gnawed.—Near them lay the undisturbed skeleton of a dog. It is evident, therefore, that the brute had not only survived his master, but that he had eaten him. In a shop connected with the public baths, were two skeletons of persons who had died in each others embrace. They were both in the freshness of youth, and of different sex. The affecting spectacle excited an unwanton effusion of sentiment in the antiquarian bosom, and the bony twain were christened "The Lovers." On the 14th of June, of the same year, eight skeletons were found under the ruins of a wall, and in May 1818, another skeleton was discovered near the Temple of Jupiter, crushed by a marble column; thus proving conclusively that the eruption was accompanied by an earthquake. In the temple of Isis, also were discovered the remains of several priests, chicken bones, egg shells, wine goblets, and other indications of a banquet on a table near them. One of them had seized a sacrificial axe with which to effect his escape, but sank down exhausted, or probably suffocated by the mephatic vapor, before accomplishing his purpose.

Tho Harp in Heaven.

One of the sweetest recollections of my girlhood, said a lady, is a beautiful reply my mother once made me, when my heart was swelling with girlish grief.

I had just returned from the house of a wealthy neighbor, who had kindly given me the use of their piano for a few hours a day to gratify my extreme love for music. Our own cottage home looked so plain in contrast with the one I had just left, and no piano within its walls, I laid my head upon the table, and gave vent to my overflowing heart. I felt grieved, and perhaps a little angry, that we were unable to afford the one thing I desired above all others—a piano—and expressed my feelings to my mother.

Never shall I forget her sweet, gentle tone as she replied, "Never mind, daughter, if you can not have a piano on earth, you may have a harp in heaven." Instantly the whole current of my feeling was changed. Earthly things dwindled into insignificance, and the "harp in heaven," with its golden strings, became the object of my desire. I felt reproved for my repinings against the Providence that had placed me in an humble home, and from that moment the enjoyment of heaven seemed far to outweigh all the pleasures of earth. That beautiful reply has followed me all my life, or rather has gone before me like a bright guiding star, lifting my thoughts above his transient life, and opening to my spirit's vision the glorious scenes in that "land of life and flight." I have a piano now, but its charm is gone. Its music no longer gladdens my heart as it once did, for the ears that loved best to listen to its sweet tones are now enraptured with the grand harmonies of heaven. The dear fingers that so often touched its keys now sweep the golden harp strings. Oh, that "harp in heaven!" How my soul longs for one breath of its rich melody.

As I look upon the dear baby fingers in the cradle near me, I think it matters little whether my child be poor or rich—whether her path be strewn with thorns or flowers; if she may only have a "harp in heaven."

MASONIC.

"FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY—these three, but the greatest of these is CHARITY."

The Soldier Mason.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

During an early period of my life, it was my fortune to hold a curacy in Worcester.

The parish in which I had to labor, though limited in point of size, was populous; and in it were to be packed together, in two narrow, close, unhealthy streets, some twelve or fourteen hundred of the working classes. It was a post at once interesting and distressing; interesting from the varied aspect it presented of human sorrow, struggle, and suffering; and distressing from the poverty which prevailed in it, and the utter ability of an individual clergyman to cope with its many wants and requirements.

In my rounds I lighted upon a party, whose name—I know no reason why I should conceal it—was Parker. He had been a soldier, a corporal, and had served with some degree of distinction in India and the Peninsular war. Subsequently he was stationed at Gibraltar; and there, from peculiar circumstance which at the moment I forget, came under the personal notice of General Don. He had a certificate as to conduct and character from the General, written by himself throughout. If I mistake not, he had been orderly for months together to the old chief. At all events, the testimony borne by him to Parker's services and character was of no common place description. There was something in the bearing and conversation of this man which arrested attention. He was in bad health, suffered at intervals acutely from the effects of a gunshot wound, and was frequently disabled for weeks together from all exertion. In his domestic relations, too, he had much to try him: his means were narrow, not always prudently administered, and he had some little mouths around him clamorous for bread. And yet no murmur escaped him; he suffered on in silence. But personal suffering did not render him selfish. To eke out his scanty pension, he resolved on returning to Worcester (still famous for its gloves) and there resuming the calling of his boyish days—leather staining. Now this department of labor, though it may be carried on with tolerable impunity by the strong and the healthy, is, to the feeble and the failing, most pernicious. Dabbling with cold water, hour after hour, and walking about in garments dank and heavy with moisture, tell, eventually, even upon a vigorous constitution. Imagine, then, its effect upon a frame enfeebled by a tropical climate, and worn down by continuous suffering.

"It mauls me, Sir, somewhat!" was his cheerful reply to my close inquiries on this point one bitter November morning. His surgeon had told him—and this I knew—that his only chance, not of checking his complaint, for that was impossible, but of staying its progress was to keep himself warm and dry, and to avoid, systematically, cold and damp.

Of this I reminded him.

"He may talk," was his answer, "but these"—looking at his children—"must not starve!"

Once only his equanimity failed him. I surprised him one evening in excruciating pain, without fuel or food in his dwelling, or money in his pocket.

He then said to me—the admission was wrung from him by bodily and mental agony—that "considering the cripple he was, and why; where he had served, and how; he thought that his country should have done something more for him. My lot," continued he, "has been a hard one. I was compelled by bad health to quit Gibraltar. The doctors ordered me home: they said, if I remained on the Rock six weeks longer death was certain; I obeyed. Three months afterwards General Don died, and to the man who succeeded me in my post under him, left his wardrobe, his arms, his personal valuables, what, in fact proved a competence for life. This was trying; but *certain tenets* tell me that I ought to be satisfied with whatever portion of work or labor is allotted me. Fidelity to my mighty Maker is one point; tranquility, stillness, and silence, while I perform my task, and that cheerfully, are others."

"You are a Mason?" said I.

He smiled.

"You may guess wider of the mark than even that."

"Why not apply to your Brethren in Worcester? you are aware that here there is a Lodge?"

He shook his head.

"A soldier cannot beg: it is hateful to him; he fears a repulse from a board of gentlemen at home far more than an enemy's bayonets abroad."

"Then I must act for you. Your case is pressing; and, giving full credit to your narrative from past experience of your character, I shall now take my own course. Of intentional misstatement I believe you to be incapable."

"I have my credentials with me," said he calmly; "I was made in a military lodge in Ireland. My certificate, duly signed, is in my oaken chest: all will bear '*the* LIGHT,' and on all is stamped 'FIDELITY.'"

I took the initiative and succeeded. The order was worthily represented in Worcestershire and now. The appeal was heard and heeded.

Poor Parker has long since escaped from earthly trials and bodily ailments, and no feelings can be wounded by referring to his history. But it may be instanced as involving a lesson of some moment. Here was a man who unquestionably had spent the prime of his life in his country's service. He had carried her standard and had fought her battles. His blood had flowed freely in her cause. His adherence to her interests had cost him dear. Wounds which neither skill nor time could heal, disabled him from exertion, and rendered life a burden. To acute bodily suffering positive privation was added.

Who relieved him?

His country? No. She left him to perish on a niggardly pension. Who succoured him? The great duke, whose debt to the private soldier is so apparent and overwhelming? No. His grace had become a statesman, and in that capacity wrote caustic letters to those who ventured to appeal to him.

Who aided the wounded and sinking soldier in his extremity?

The Brotherhood—a secret band, if you will, but active—which requires no other recommendation save desert, and no other stimulus than sorrow.

And yet, how little is it understood, and how strangely misrepresented!

In "The Crescent and the Cross," by Mr. Warburton, there is a glowing passage, which winds up with the remark—"Freemasonry, degenerated in our day into a mere convival bond."

I laid down the volume with a smile and a sigh; a sigh that a writer of such highly cultivated intellect and generous impulses should have so sadly misunderstood us. A smile—for taking up an able periodical, "The Morning Herald," my eye rested on the passage,—"This day 3,000*l.* contributed in India principally among the Freemasons, was lodged in the Bank of Ireland to the credit of the Mansion House Committee, for the relief of the destitute poor in Ireland."

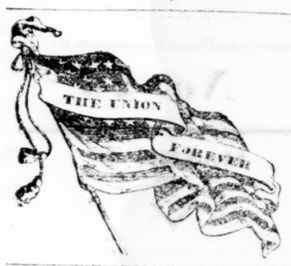
Weighty remits these from a society which is "*nothing more than a mere convival bond.*"

☞ More illicit distilling is carried on in Tennessee than in any other three States. Some counties have thirty or forty stills whose owners violate the revenue laws without hindrance, and a correspondent declares that he can count more than a dozen men who have lost their lives in endeavoring to enforce the laws.

The Star.

J. B. CARPENTER, Editor.

R. W. LOGAN, Associate Editor.



TUESDAY, JUNE 16, 1868.

National Republican Ticket

FOR PRESIDENT

GEN. U. S. GRANT,

OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX,

OF INDIANA.

Editorial Correspondence.

RALEIGH, N. C. June 12th, 1868.

DEAR STAR:—We have at last received the glorious news of the passage of the Omnibus Admission Bill by the Senate. This action by the Senate, removes all doubts as to reconstruction, and our speedy return to the Union of our Fathers is now certain.—**The bill passed the Senate by a vote of 31 to 5, with an amendment providing for the inauguration of all qualified State Officers at once. The bill was then sent to the House for concurrence, and was referred to the Committee on Reconstruction.** This will only delay our progress a few day's when we will once more resume our triumphant march to our former position in the Union. Truly can we now say, "We are going Home." Our Union loving people may well rejoice in anticipation of better times. We have been struggling and toiling for months, and years, as it were in utter darkness, but we can rejoice that this is no longer the case. Day is at last breaking, the dark clouds of despair are gradually clearing away. As we look in advance of us we can see peace, prosperity, and happiness. We are greeted on all sides by the joyful cry that we shall soon peacefully slumber beneath the victorious flag of our Country.—There is no longer any excuse for being dispirited. We are going to live a new life, and we should prepare to live it as becomes a liberty loving people. Let none of us be idle. Our duties will be comparatively new to us, but we must study them the more, in order that we may exercise them to the successful advancement of our country and our fellow man. Every man who has the prosperity of his country at heart, should go to work and aid to the fullest extent of his ability, in repairing the remaining fragments of our Old Ship of State.

Industry and vigilance is the road to prosperity, and if we desire to become prosperous and happy people, we should not be idle.

Our State bids fair to be on an equal footing with any of her sister States, some may think this an extravigant expression, but we feel safe in making the assertion. Why not? Our advantages for improvement are no where surpassed. Our soil is good, our climate is almost unparalled, our water power is as good as can be found any where in the United States, our State is well supplied with minerals of almost every kind, what more can we ask?

With these advantages, we can but succeed, provided we are energetic, industrious and enterprising. We should all move together, and if there is no lagging behind, and pulling back, we will surely succeed in attaining the summit of wealth.

In conclusion we call upon the Republicans of the "Old North State" to continue in their good work, never relax your energies for one moment for it is to you, and you alone that the credit of this great victory is due. You should not be content with one achievement, but should prepare for another, and continue to battle untill you have permanently established yourselves upon the rock of Peace, prosperity and happiness.

Remember that the Republican party is the party of progress, and civilization, and encourages the complete ascendancy of the true principles of popular Government, equal liberty, the education and elevation of the leading masses, preservation of our National honor and faith, brotherly affection and true charity toward all men. With these to guide us, we can but succeed. *

Mr. Colfax's Letter of Acceptance.

We publish below the letter of Speaker COLFAX accepting the nomination of Vice President. The letter is worthy of the author. There will be no ANDREW JOHNSON or JOHN TYLER, about Mr. COLFAX as Vice President. The nation when in the keeping of GRANT and COLFAX will march onward in a career of peace and prosperity never equalled. We bespeak a careful perusal of this letter, believing that it will meet the hearty approval of every lover of Union, Liberty and Equality before the law.

The following is the letter:

WASHINGTON, May 30, 1868.

Hon. J. C. Hawley, President National Union Republican Convention:

DEAR SIR:—The platform adopted by the patriotic convention over which you presided, and the resolutions which so happily suppliment it, so entirely agree with my views as to a just national policy that my thanks are due to the delegates, as much for this clear and auspicious declaration of principles as for the nomination with which I have been honored, and which I gratefully accept.

When a great rebellion which imperiled the national existence, was at last overthrown, the duty of all others charged with those entrusted with the responsibilities of legislation evidently was to require that the revolted States should be readmitted to participation in the Government against which they had warred only on such a basis as to increase and fortify, not to weaken or endanger the strength of the nation.

Certainly no one ought to have claimed that they should be readmitted under such rules that their organization as States could ever again be used, as at the opening of the war, to defy the national authority, or to destroy the national unity. This principle has been the pole star of those who have inflexibly insisted on the Congressional policy your convention so cordially endorsed. Baffled by Executive opposition, and by persistent refusals to accept any plan of reconstruction proffered by Congress, justice and public safety at last combined to teach us that only by an enlargement of suffrage in these States could the desired end be attained, and that it was even more safe to give the ballot to those who loved the Union than to those who had sought ineffectually to destroy it. The assured success of this legislation is being written on the adament of history, and will be our triumphant vindication. More clearly, too, than ever before does the nation now recognize that the greatest glory of a republic is that it throws the shield of its protection over the humblest and the weakest of its people, and vindicates the rights of the poor and the powerless as faithfully as those of the rich and the powerful.

I rejoice, too, in this convention, to find in your platform the frank and fearless avowal that the naturalized citizens must be protected abroad "at every hazard, as though they were native born." Our whole people are foreigners or descendants of foreigners. Our fathers established by arms their right to be called a nation. It remains for us to establish the right to welcome to our shores all who are willing by oaths of allegiance to become American citizens.—Perpetual allegiance, as claimed abroad is only another name for perpetual bondage, and would make all slaves to the soil where they saw the light. Our national cemeteries prove how faithfully these oaths of fidelity to their adopted land have been sealed in the life-blood of thousands upon thousands. Should we not then be faithless to the dead if we did not protect their living brethren the enjoyment of that nationality, for which side by side with the native born our soldiers of foreign birth laid down their lives.

It was fitting, too, that the representatives of a party which had proved so true to national duty in time of war, should speak so clearly in time of peace for the maintenance untarnished of national honor, national credit, and good faith as regards its debt, the cost of our national existence.

I do not need to extend this reply by further comment on a platform which has elicited such hearty approval throughout the land. The debt of gratitude it acknowledges to the brave men who saved the Union from destruction—the frank approval of amnesty based on repentance and loyalty—the demand for the most thorough economy and honesty in the Government—the sympathy of the party of liberty with all throughout the world who long for the liberty we here enjoy—and the recognition of the sublime principles of the organization on whose banners they are to be written in the coming contest.

Its past record cannot be blotted out or forgotten. If there had been no Republican party slavery would to-day cast its baleful shadow over the Republic. If there had been no Republican party, a free press and free speech would be as unknown from the Potomac to the Rio Grande as ten years ago. If the Republican party could have been stricken from existence when the banner of rebellion was unfurled and when the response of "no coercion" was heard at the North, we would have had no nation to-day. But for the Republican party daring to risk the odium of tax and draft laws, our flag could not have been kept flying on the field till the long looked for victory came. Without a Republican party, the civil rights bill, the guarantee of equality under the law to the humble and the defenceless as well as to the strong, would not be to day upon our national statute book.

With such inspirations from the past, and following the example of the founders of the Republic, who called the victorious general of the Revolution to preside over the land his triumphs had saved from its enemies, I cannot doubt that our labors will be crowned with success. And it will be a success **that will bring restored hope, confidence,** prosperity, and progress, South as well as North, West as well as East, and above all, the blessings under Providence of national concord and peace,

Very truly, yours,
SCHUYLER COLFAX.

A Card.

In justice to Mr. P. DECATUR GRIGG, Chairman of one of the Boards of Registration of Cleveland County, we publish the following card from Mr. GRIGG. We may add our testimony, that there is but few better citizens in Cleveland than Mr. GRIGG. All the slanders of the Raleigh *Sentinel* and the Conservative Shelby Clique cannot hurt him with the friends of liberty, humanity and justice. The card is as follows:

GARDENER'S FORD, N. C., May 17, 1868.

To the Editors of the Standard:—I notice in the *Sentinel*, of May the 12th, a communication addressed to Thomas Branton, to which my initials are attached, and above which Mr. Pell comments upon my "fitness" as Registrar.

As the letter refered to was written in haste, I am unable to say whether or not it is a *verbatim* copy. However, having no evil intention about the matter, and wishing the Republican party a fair chance in this aristocratic county, where "frand" without end has been practiced for the past eight or ten years, by the *some* diabolical "set" who are now crying "fraud;" and as the Republican ticket carried E. D. Elliott's name as Superior Court Clerk, I felt it my duty to inform Mr Branton of the cheat being imposed upon us by designing individuals and politicians.

The *Sentinel*, no doubt, imagines that it pays Mr. Jenkins a "high" compliment when it calls him "*the* Conservative candidate." Not so. Mr. Ben. F. Logan was the regular nominee and candidate of that party, and was beaten. Mr. Jenkins' politics, if I understand them, is with, or for no party, and he is to-day, probably as much Republican as Conservative.

Some one, as I now learn, displeased with the nomination of Mr. Elliott for Clerk, marked a line through the latter's name, and wrote "J. Jenkins" by it, which many probably voted, thinking they were voting the original ticket.

My object in writing Mr. Branton was that he should inform his friends and the judges that Jenkins' name was illegally substituted, and there being so many candidates to vote for, that illiterate persons might be forced to vote for Mr. Jenkins when they desired to support Mr. Elliott. With the *written* name of Jenkins erased, the name of Elliott still legible in *print* would be counted by the judges at the final closing of the polls. As regards the secrecy required of Branton, I have to say that as the change had been secretly and illegally practiced upon our party that, had the contents of the letter been public, it might have been exchanged by the same intriguers.

Not only did Branton "work," but every member of the Republican party worked, and honestly too.

Jno. W. Williams and L. S. Wright, Registrars, were present and assisted at the canvassing before forwarding to Headquarters, Post of Morganton.

The *Sentinel* does not offend me by calling me "Radical," but for the benefit of a few of its disciples I will here state that I have a temporary residence at Gardener's Ford, in Cleveland County, where I can be found about six days in the week, ready to maintain my rights, regardless of the abuse of Conservative men or journals and the Shelby aristocracy. P. D. GRIGG.

Reconstruction

Below we give the Bill as it passed the House of Representatives, by a vote of 115 for, to 31 against; to inaugurate the State officers of the Southern States.

"*Be it enacted, &c.*: That the Legislature of each of the States of Arkansas, North-Carolina, Louisiana, Georgia and Alabama, elected under the Constitution thereto in framed and adopted in pursuance of the provisions of an act for the more efficient government of the rebel States, passed March 2nd, 1867, and the acts supplimentry hereto be and hereby are authorized to meet on such day as may have been fixed either in such Constitution or by a proclamation of any officer authorized to convene said Legislature by the Convention which framed such Constitution, and if no day shall have been fixed as aforsaid, or, if the day so fixed for the meeting of the Legislature of either of said States shall have passed, or shall have so nearly arrived before the passage of this Act, that in the opinion of the Governor elect there might not be time for the Legislature to Assemble on the day so fixed, such Legislature may be convened **within thirty days after the passage of this Act by the Governor of said State.**

Sec. 2. That whenever either of said States shall be admitted to representation in Congress, **the Executive and Judicial officers of such State duly elected and qualified under the Constitution thereof may be inaugurated** without delay, and the Government of such States shall thereupon be transferred to the civil authorities thereof.

Sec. 3. That it shall be the duty of all civil and millitary officers exercising authority in either of said States to afford all practical aid and protection to the officers of such State in carrying out the provision of this Act, and any such officers, who shall wilfully withhold such aid and protection, or shall wilfully prevent, hinder or delay the meeting of either the said Legislatures, or the inauguration of any other civil or millitary officer, under either of said State authorities shall be guilty of a felony, and, upon conviction thereof, before Federal or State court, of criminal jurisdiction, shall be punished by imprisonment not exceeding ten years or by a fine not exceeding ten thousand dollars, as the discretion of the court."

It is pretty well settled that steel is destined at no distant day to entirely supersede iron on railroad tracks. Steel rails not only endure the wear from friction better than iron ones, but they offer more resistance to the crushing action of the heavy locomotives now in fashion.—When steam power was first applied on railroads, the engines were made to weigh eight, ten, and twelve tons each; now they weigh from forty to fifty tons each. The consequence is, that the driving wheels come down on the rails like a trip-hammer, and, if they are only iron, fairly mash them flat in the course of time. On broad gauge roads, like the Erie for instance, where the locomotives are the heaviest known, this result takes place sometimes in a single month, and pretty certainly in a year. As the locomotives cannot well be made much lighter, there is no remedy but to use steel for the rails, and to build no more broad-gauge roads.

A FEW WORDS TO A FATHER.—Take your son for a companion whenever you conveniently can; it will relieve the already over burdened anxious mother of so much care. It will gratify the boy; it will please the mother; it surely ought to be a pleasure to you. What mother's eye would not brighter, when her child is fondly cared for!—And when his eye kindles, his heart beats, and his tongue prattles faster and faster with the idea of "going with father," does she not share her little boy's happiness, and is not her love deepened by her husband's consideration, so just, and yet too often so extraordinary! It will keep him and you out of places, society and temptation into which separately you might enter. It will give you abundant and very favorable opportunities to impart instruction, to infuse and cultivate noble principles, and to develope and strengthen a true manhood. It will enable him to "see the world," and to enjoy a certain liberty which may prevent that future licentiousness which often result from a sudden freedom from long restraint.

Funeral of Ex-President Buchanan.

LANCASTER, PENN., June 5, M.—Mr. Buchanan's funeral was very imposing.—There were many delegations from abroad. The Masons assisted throughout, and their funeral ceremonies accompanied the religious rites.

On the Saturday previous to his decease, while giving directions to his Executor regarding his funeral, Mr. Buchanan said: "The principles of the Christian religion were instilled into my mind in my youth, and from all I have observed and experienced, in the long life Providence has vouchsafed to me, I have only become more strengthened in my conviction of the Divine character of the Saviour, and the power of Atonement, through His redeeming grace and mercy."

Responding to the expressed hope that he might live to see the country fully restored, Mr. Buchanan said: "I have no fear of the future. Posterity will do me full justice. I have always felt, and still feel, that I discharged every public duty imposed upon me conscientiously. I have no regret for any public act of my life and history will vindicate my memory from every unjust aspersion."

His last words were: "Oh! God Almighty, as Thou wilt"

LATEST NEWS.

From Washington.

The Hon. Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, United States Senator, writes us as follows, in answer to enquires reference to the admission of the unreconstructed States to representation in Congress:

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 3, 1868.

MY DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of yours of the 30th, and in reply, state that, in my opinion, there is no doubt about the speedy admission of the States which complied with the requirements of Congress. The bill for the admission of Arkansas has passed the Senate with some amendments, and has gone to the House for concurrence. I have no sort of doubt but that all these States will be admitted within thirty or forty days, *vete of no veto.*

Yours, truly,
H. WILSON.

WASHINGTON, June 6.—In the Executive session of the Senate to day, the nomination of Gen. McClellan as Minister to England was rejected.

The Conference committee on the Arkansas admission bill to-day agreed to the original House bill, with the additional stipulation that no alteration in said constitution prescriptive in its effects may be made in regard to the time and place of residence of voters.

The Conference report on the admission of Arkansas will certainly be adopted in the House on Monday.

The receipts from Customs for the week ending May 20th, amounts to nearly $3,000,000.

WASHINGTON, June 6.—SENATE.—Mr. Gosham was sworn in as Secretary.

The Conference report regarding Arkansas was adopted.

WASHINGTON, June 8, M.—The new City Council is organizing in secret but stormy session. A row of some kind occurred inside, causing half a dozen policeman to obtrude on the secrecy of the session, by jumping into the windows. It is impossible to obtain details of the trouble.

LATER.—The Register, on an oath of some Judges that illegal votes were cast in the Fifth Ward, gave certificates—giving a majority to that party.

Major Wallach gave certificates to the Democrats.

Each party elected presiding officers of each board, and when the council met in joint session,—the two Presidents being present, amid intense excitement, the Radical President declared Brown elected, and he was sworn in under noisy protests from the Conservative President and members.

Wallach has locked the office of Mayor and matters are progressing very noisily.

From the Standard.

GLORIOUS NEWS!!

RALEIGH, June 11, 1868.

We have just received the following dispatch from a friend in Washington:

WASHINGTON, June 11, 1868.

To HON W. W. HOLDEN.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Carolina's dark sea!

Bill passed Senate with an amendment allowing anaugeration of qualified State Officers at once. Vote 31 to 5, B. L.

From Richmond.

RICHMOND, June 8, P. M.—Chief Justice Chase, in a case, to-day, charged the jury to the effect that bonds, drafts, notes, &c., drawn during the war, in the "Rebel States, payable in the loyal States, are illegal and cannot be recovered at law.

From Newbern.

NEWBERN, June 9, P. M.—The Steamer Terry from New York to-day reports the steamship Nevada of the New York and Mexican line, which left New York on the 3rd instant, went ashore at Hatteras on Friday and sunk Sunday in ten fathoms water. The passengers and crew were saved, except one of the latter, who was lost in an attempt to get out an anchor. The passengers lost most of their baggage.

The vessel and cargo is a total loss. Two lady passengers have gone to Norfolk in a steamer. The rest of the passengers and the Captain of the vessel will be here to night.

Remains of Stephen A. Douglas.

CHICAGO, June 3.—According to an arrangement of the Board of Trustees, the remains of the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas were transfered, this morning, from their first resting-place to the mausoleum. Many citizens and strangers witnessed the transfer. On the removal of the lid covering the glass the face of the illustrious Senator was found to be in a remarkable state of preservation almost as natural as when buried, seven years ago, excepting that the eyes were sunken, the nose is contracted, and the surface of the forehead somewhat indented or pitted, but the complexion is very fair, the countour of the head and face apparently unchanged, and the expression quite natural and plainly recognizable. The hair looks glossy and black as ever, and the raiment as new and tidy as when first put on, not presenting the least evidence of mildew or discoloration. Lieut.-Gen. Sherman was among the pall-bearers.

Letter From Chief Justice Chase.

The following letter from Chief Justice Chase has been published:

WASHINGTON, May 25. 1868.

MY DEAR SIR: **You are right in believing that I "shall never abandon the great principles, for the success of which I have given my entire life. I adhere to my "old creed of equal rights," without one jot of abatement. I shall be glad if the new professors of that creed adhere to it as faithfully.** I am amazed by the torrent of invectives by which I am drenched. Almost **everything alleged as facts is falshood** out of the whole cloth. Where an allegation is a little fact in it, the fact is so exerted and travestied that it becomes falshood. I know no motive for all this except disappointment that impeachment has not thus far proved a success, coupled with a belief that I have done something to prevent its being a success. I have not been a partisan of impeachment certainly; but I have not been a partisan on the other side. **As presiding officer over the trial my conscience testifies that I have been strictly impartial; and I am sure that any one who reads the report will say so.** Individually I have my convictions and opinions, but I have very seldom given utterance to them. Indeed I do not think that the case, in any of its aspects, has been the subject of conversation between myself and more than four or five Senators, and then only casually and briefly. No Senator will say that I have sought to influence him. The real ground of denunciation is that I have not met a portion of convictions, and his denunciation I am willing to bear.—They may denounce and abuse me and read me out of the party, if they choose. I follow my old lights, not the new. What the developments of the future may be I know not. I neither expect nor desire to be a candidate for office again. It would however, gratify me exceedingly if the Democratic party would take ground which would assure the party against all attempts to subvert the principle of universal suffrage established in eight and to be established in all of the Southern Constitutions. Then, I think, the future of the great cause for which I have labored so long would be secure and I should not regret my absence from political labors.

SALMON P. CHASE.

The Boy who Bore a Charmed Life.

BY MARK TWAIN.

Once there was a little boy whose name was Jim—though, if you will notice, you will find that bad little boys are nearly always called James in the Sunday-School books. It is very strange, but very true, that this one is called Jim.

He didn't have any sick mother, either—a sick mother who was pious and had consumption, and who would be glad to lie down in the grave and be at rest, but for the strong love she bore her boy, and the anxiety she felt that the world would be cold and harsh toward him when she was gone.—Most bad boys in the Sunday school books are named James, and have sick mothers who teach them to say "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc., and then sing them to sleep with sweet plaintive voices, and then kiss them good night and kneel by the bedside and weep.

But it was different with this fellow.—He was named Jim, and there wasn't anything the matter with his mother—no consumption or anything of the kind. She was rather stout than otherwise, and she was not pious; moreover, she was not anxious on Jim's account; she said if he were to break his neck, it would not be much loss; she always spanked him to sleep and never kissed him good night; and kneel down by his bed side and weep.

Once, this bad little boy stole the key of the pantry, and slipped in there and helped himself to some jam, and filled the vessel up with tar, so that his mother would never know the difference; but all at once a terrible feeling didn't seem to come over him, and something didn't seem to whisper to him: "Is it right to disobey my mother? Isn't it sinful to do this? Where do bad little boys go to that gobble up their kind mother's jam?" and then he didn't kneel down all alone, and promise never to be wicked again, and rise up with a light, happy heart and go and tell his mother everything about it and beg her forgiveness, and be blessed with pride and thankfulness in her eyes.

No, that is the way with all other bad boys in the books, but it happened otherwise with Jim, strangely enough. He ate the jam, and said it was bully, in his sinful way, and then put in the tar, and said it was bully, too, and laughed and observed that "the old woman would get up and snort" when she found it out he denied it, and she whipped him severely, and he did the crying himself.

Everything about this boy was curious—everything turned out differently with him from the way it does to the bad Jameses in the books.

Once he climed up in Farmer Acorn's apple tree to steal apples, and the limb didn't break, and he didn't fall and break his arm, and get torn by the farmer's great dog, and then languish on a sick bed for weeks and repent and become good. Oh, no—he stole as many apples as he wanted, and came down all right, and was ready for the dog, and knocked him endways with a rock when he came to tear him.

It was very strange; nothing like it ever happened in those mild, little books, with marble backs and with pictures in them of men and swallow-tailed coats and bell crowned hats, and pantaloons that are short in the legs, and women with the waists of their dresses under their arms and no hoops on. Nothing like it any Sunday school book.

Once he stole the teacher's penknife, and when he was afraid it would be found out and he would get whipped for it, he slipped it into George Wilson's cap—poor Widow Wilson's son, the moral boy, the good little boy of the village, the boy who always obeyed his mother, and never told an untruth, and was fond of his lessons and infatuated with the Sunday-school, and when the knife dropped from the cap, and poor George hung his head and blushed, as if in conscious guilt, and the grieved teacher charged the theft to him, and was just in the act of bringing the switch down on his trembling shoulders, a white-haired improbable justice of the peace didn't suddenly appear in their midst and strike an attitude and say—"Spare this noble boy there stands the cowering culprit! I was passing the school-room door at recess, unseen myself, saw the theft."

And then Jim didn't get whaled, and the venerable justice didn't read the tearful school a homily, and take George by the hand, and say such a boy deserved to be exalted, and then tell him to come and make his home with him, and sweep out the office and make fires, and run errands, chop wood, study law, and help his wife to do household labors, and have all the balance of his time to play, and get forty cents a month, and be happy. No, it would have happened that way in the books, but it didn't happen that way to Jim. No meddling old clam of a Justice dropped in to make trouble, and so the model George got thrashed, and Jim was glad of it. Because, you know Jim hated moral boys. Jim said he was down on milk-sops. Such was the language of this bad neglected boy.

But the strangest thing that ever happened to Jim was when he went boating on Sunday and didn't get drowned, and that other time when he got caught out in the storm when he was fishing on Sunday, and didn't get struck by lightning. Why, you might look through the Sunday School books from now till next Christmas and you would never come across anything like this. Oh, now that all the bad boys who get lost in fogs, or by inevitably get drowned, and all the bad boys who get caught out in storms when they are fishing on Sunday, infallibly get struck by lightning. Boats with bad boys in them always get upset on Sunday, and it always storms when bad boys go off fishing on the Sabbath. How Jim ever escaped this is a mystery to me.

Jim bore a charmed life—that must have been the way of it. Nothing could hurt him. He even gave the elephant in the menagerie a plug of tobacco, and the elephant didn't knock the top of his head off with his trunk. He browsed around the cupboard after essence of peppermint, and didn't make a mistake and drink aqafortis.

He stole his father's gun and went hunting on the Sabbath and didn't shoot three or four of his fingers off. He struck his little sister on the temple with his fist he was angry and she didn't linger in pain through long summer days and with sweet words of forgiveness upon her lips that redoubled the anguish of his breaking heart. No—she got over it.

He ran off and went to sea at last, and did not come back and find himself sad and alone in the quiet churchyard, and the vine embowered home of boyhood tumbled down and gone to decay. Ah no—he came home as drunk as a piper, and got into the station-house the first thing.

And he grew up and married, and raised a large family, and brained them all with an ax one night, and got wealthy by all manner of cheating and rascality, and now he is the infernalest scoundrel in this native village, and is universally respected and belongs to the Legislature.

So you see there never was a bad James in the Sunday-school books that had such a streak of luck as this sinful James with the charmed life,

Wholesale Slaughter.

ALL THE MEMBERS OF A HOUSEHOLD BUTCHERED IN COLD BLOOD.

Details are published in the Russians journals concerning the murder of the Gemarine family at Tumboff. The culprit, a tutor named Gorski, has confessed his guilt. He had gone, he says, to the residence of M. Gemarine on the 1st of March last to give a lesson to the son, but without any intention of committing a crime on that day.—While he was thus occupied the father went out; Gorski then determined to take advantage of the opportunity. He had carried a revolver and life preserver about with him for a whole week. He at once struck his pupil over the head, and the latter dropped insensible to the ground. On seeing him fall Gorski was seized with remorse, and his first movement was to escape, but, fearing to be discovered, he again beat the boy until life was extinct. There were three other persons in the house—the mistress, the cook, and a man servant. He first called to the mother saying that her son was bleeding at the nose, and when she entered the room he shot her dead with the pistol; he next summoned the man into the dining-room, and killed him in the same manner, lastly he fired twice at the cook wounding her each time, and on her attempting to escape he deprived her life with blows of the life preserver. He waited in the kitchen until the housekeeper returned, and on her arrival shot at her, but as the pistol did not go off he killed her by a single blow with a log of wood. As the mechanism of the revolver had become disarranged, he went out to get it repaired, and returning met the coachman and the housemaid. He might have killed them both, he said, but his hand refused to obey his will. He then suffered so much from remorse that he went home with the intention of committing suicide.—He put the barrel of the pistol to his mouth but the instinct of life was too strong and he could not carry out intention. Gorski admits that his object was to rob Gemarine. He is only nineteen years of age, but a most energetic character.

Magnitude of the Western Grain Trade.

The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser gives the following facts and figures regarding the enormous grain trade of the West, and its rapid increase:

The unparalleled development of the West in population and production will, in the ensuing thirty years, give a trade between the West and New York equal to upwards of $8,000,000,000 to go through the canals they shall be made sufficiently capacious for its accommodation. There will be this amount of trade aside from that by the railways. A canal boat of the size now navigating Erie Canal, two hundred and fifty tons burthen, will carry as much as one railway train of twenty-five cars. From seventy to eighty boats of this class can be laden with grain and dispatched eastward in each and every twenty-four hours. If the canals should be ignored and the entire business now done upon them should be transferred to the railroads, it would require four freight trains to be dispatched daily by the Central and forty by the Erie, in addition to the business they are now doing.

"Twenty five years ago the grain trade of this city was between two and three millions annually. It now averages from fifty to sixty million bushels annually, in addition to the flour trade. The receipts at this port of grain in one day last year were upwards of three million bushels. The receipt of grain here on Monday last were upwards of seven hundred thousand bushels, besides upwards of a million of staves and six million feet of lumber. Estimating the results of the future by the past the time is not far distant when the grain trade at this point will be a hundred millions annually. A movement of sixty million bushels of grain by rail would require 5,857 trains of twenty-five cars each, equal to seventeen trains daily, by each of the roads during the entire navigation season of two hundred days, and yet the grain trade is scarcely one-half of the tonnage to be moved."

☞ Grant does not talk a great deal, consequently he did not say "traitors should be punished and treason made odious. He did not even say that to General Lee, when he returned his sword to him at Appomattox Court House.

China Opening to Commerce and Christianity.

The appointment of Mr. Burlingame, the American Minister to China, by the Chinese Government, as its Envoy, not only to this country but to all the European States, is the most significant indication of a great change that is going on in the Chinese Empire, in its policy towards the outside world. It is the first formal and marked advance towards intercourse with foreign powers ever made by that Empire. It is a breaking down of the "great wall," which has separated China from outside barbarians for hundreds of years.

The opening of China to foreign commerce will be followed by a wider opening to the introduction of Christianity. Already missionaries traversed a large part of the empire in perfect safety, and preach openly, "no man forbidding them."

Mr. Chapin, of the American Board, on a fifteen days journey from Tientsin, visited ten cities, besides a great number of villages, and sometimes preached to audiences exceeding 2000 souls, in addition to selling 2500 books. Mr. Hodget, returning from Kalgan to Peking, went to Yu Chen, a city ninety miles southwest of Kalgan, where he baptised the aged parents of a church member who was with him, and remained eight days laboring among the people. From this place he passed to I Chen, a distance of 120 miles, through a region "so rugged, barren mountainous, that few, even of the Chinese, can obtain a livelihood," and over a road "impossible for carts, but much traveled by mules." In this wild region "I was," he states "quite alone, among strangers, sleeping upon the same brick bed with Chinese travellers and innkeepers, yet as safe for aught I know, as if walking the streets of my native village."

Even events that seem to be adverse often turn out to the furtherance of the Gospel. Mr. Knowlton, of the American Baptist Mission at Ningpo, represents the effect of the rebellion that recently swept over the province, to be a more complete opening of the interior to Christianity. Many of the inland people who were driven to Shanghai and Ningpo, came under Christain influence in those cities; and some Christians have gone from the sea coast and settled in the depopulated districts.

The accessibility of vast populations to the teaching of Gospel truth is shown by many facts. Mr. Wylie, agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, has made a number of tours in the country; one extending from Yanking to Peking. He has sold many "ten thousands" of copies of the New Testament, and reports the places visited by him as everywhere open to missionary labor. Mr Lees of the London Mission and Mr. Williamston, agent of the Scotch National Bible Society, on a tour between 2,000 and 3,000 miles in four provinces, also found open door for preaching and the sale of Christian books.

The Copperhead newspapers are industriously circulating the story that the people do not receive the nomination of Grant and Colfax with that enthusiasm that gives assurance of success to the ticket. We venture to say, and the information is reliable and certain that comes to us from all sections of the country, that there never was a Presidential nomination received by a great and united party with more satisfaction and with better assurance of success.

But the enthusiasm already manifest will rise higher, and still higher, till it wakes the echoes of the whole land, about the 1st of November our enemies will see as much as they want to see.—*National Republican.*

TO CONSUMPTIVES EVERYWHERE.—Having seen much suffering from consumption and knowing that thousands of dollars are yearly spent by invalids travelling for their health and on medicines and physicians, we propose a simple recipe by which patients may become their own physicians, and, if not too far gone, will guarantee a perfect cure, if made and regularly taken according to directions. The ingredients are hoarhound, mullein and molasses—ingredients that are in reach of all, the mullein growing wild in every field, the hoarhound in almost every garden, and the molasses to be had at any grocery. The directions for making are to take a large handfull of hoarhound and boil as strong a tea as possibly can be made. Take up and put down an equal quantity of mullein and boil in the same way. Take a cupfull of the tea of the hoarhound, a cupfull of the tea of the mullein and mix together in a suitable vessel, then add a cupfull of molasses and stew to a syrup—the thicker the better. Take a table spoonful or a large swallow three times a day. Be particular in following direction as to making and always to taking it, and we will guarantee relief in all cases not too far advanced. The writer does not claim this recipe as original with himself, but has recommended it in many cases, always with good results. As the ingredients are so common and so easily obtained, it is best not to make more than a quart at a time, particularly in warm weather, as the freshest it is the better effect will be produced.

The Yankee Boy.

A tourist tells the following story:

We recently met our friend Dr. Lord, formerly of Boston. He has been a resident of this section for about six years he was extensively engaged in buying wool, and on one occasion becoming belated with the multiplicity of crooked roads over the broad prairies, he rode up to a small cabin inclosed in a clump of locust trees and addressed a white-headed boy perched on the top of a hen-coop, with:

"Hallon, boy!"

"I reckon you're a stranger," was the response,

"Look here, sonny."

"I ain't your sonny."

"No, not my sonny, but if you will jump down and come here I'll give you a dime."

The boy sprang as if alighting from a wasp's nests and coming up to the stranger, exclaimed:

"Well, old hoss, what is it?"

"I've lost my way, and don't know where I am. Can you tell me?"

"Yes; you're on your horse."

Mr. Lord laughed at the boy's wit, and handed him a dime. The boy took the money, looking up with mingled feelings of wonder and delight, and said:

"I reckon you must have a power of money!"

Why so, my boy."

"'Cause you slather it away so."

"What's your father's name?" inquired Mr. Lord.

"Bill Jenks," was the reply.

"Ah, yes, I know him," exclaimed Mr. Lord; "he grows wool, don't he?"

"No, but his sheep does."

"If you knew me, my lad, you would be more respectful in your replies. I'm a friend of your father; my name is Lord."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed the astonished lad; "I've heard pap read about you in the Bible," and starting off for the house on a dead run, he bawled out at the top of his lungs:

"Mother, mother, the Lord is out here on horseback, and has lost his way."

The Star.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

TUESDAY,.....JUNE 16, 1868.

LOCAL AND STATE.

Agents.

The following named gentlemen are hereby authorized to act as agents for the STAR, to receive and receipt for subscriptions, advertising, &c.:

S. M. Pettingill & Co.—37 Park Row, New York, and 10 State Street, Boston, Mass.
W. B. BERNARD, Wilmington, N. C.
N. B. HAMPTON, Polk County, N. C.
P. S. ABRAMS, Columbus, "
JAS. H. DUNCAN, Marion, "
W. A. MCCALL, North Carolina.
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WANTED! WANTED!!

BY a *PRINTER*, a SITUATION as compositor, in a printing office. Can give the best recommendations as printer.

Address C. L. *STAR* Office.
Rutherford,
N. C.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.—Elder's LAMAR of Augusta Ga., and LATHAM of Greenville, N. C., will have Divine Service at the Court House in Rutherfordton at 11 o'clock on the 4th Lords day, 28th of June inst., all denominations respectfully invited to attend.

LOOMS.—Away with your old hand looms! Who would see their family kill themselves with old looms, when they can get a loom that will weave at the lowest estimate fifteen yards of good jeans in one day, and other kinds of cloth in the same proportion. Messrs J. M. ALLEN & Co., have bought the patent for this and Polk Counties, and have on exhibition at the Store of J. A MILLER & Co., one of these, "Henderson Power Looms," where our citizens will do well to call and see it. Maj. ERWIN will be on hand to show and explain it. See their advertisement.

REPUBLICAN MEETING.—A meeting of the Republican party of Rutherford County held on Monday 15th inst. On motion J. M. JUSTICE was called to the Chair and ABSALOM HUNT was requested to act as Secretary.

J. B. CARPENTER explained the object of the meeting to be to consider the propriety of postponing "*The Barbacue*," which has been heretofore announced to come off on the 4th of July, and the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we the Republican party of Rutherford County desire and intend to give a Barbacue, at this place, but, with a prospect of speedy restoration of North Carolina to to the Union, and the probability of an absence on that account in the Legislature and otherwise of distinguished speakers, feel it due to ourselves and to the party to postpone the same to some future day, due notice of which will be given.

On motion, ordered that the *Star* and *Pioneer* be requested to publish these proceedings.

On motion adjourned.

J. M. JUSTICE, Chairman.
A. HUNT, Secretary.

MR. ROBERSON, gives notice that he has returned to Rutherfordton, and is prepared to do anything in the Tailoring business with neatness and dispatch. Give him a call, and he will give you *fits*. See his advertisement.

ERROR.—In our last number we stated in an article headed, "Their Wealth," that "in the Convention, the delegate from this County, a Republican, owned 250 acres of land, valued at $700," when we should have said he owned 535 acres of land valued at $2,500.

☞ GEORGE G. GOSHAM of California, has been elected Secretary of the Senate of the United States, in place of Col. J. W. FORNEY, who has resigned.

THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.—D. F. CALDWELL, Esq., has sold that office to the Messrs. ALBRIGHT of the *Times*, who will continue the publication of the *Patriot* as heretofore.

FIRST MILITARY DISTRICT.—The Senate having confirmed Gen. SCHOFIELD as Secretary of War, Gen. STONEMAN has been appointed to the command of this District.

Gen. STONEMAN was, during the late war, a prominent cavalry officer, having command of a corps. It was a portion of his command that passed through this county just after the surrender of LEE's army.

THE Hon. Hanibal Hamlin, at a ratification meeting in Bangor Me., said that in Gen. Grant we had a leader whom all could follow in the fullest confidence; and he indorsed Schuyler Collax, "for all his past record and blameless life were guarantees of his future."

MURDER.—We learn from Col. Dan'l. O'Conner that Geo. W. Dill, a leading Republican in South Carolina, was murdered last Thursday, evening, by a gang of men who surrounded his house near Camden, S. C., and killed him and a colored man, and also badly wounded his wife. No arrests.—*Wilmington Post.*

☞ Seventeen years locusts suddenly appeared in Philadelphia a few days ago, in countless numbers.

"THE GRAYJACKETS, AND HOW THEY LIVED, FOUGHT AND DIED FOR DIXIE, WITH INCIDENTS AND SKETCHES OF LIFE IN THE CONFEDERACY," is the title of a handsome volume, just issued by JONES BROTHERS & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

There is a certain portion of the War that will never go into the regular histories, nor be embodied in romance or poetry, which is a very real part of it, and will, if preserved, convey to succeeding generations a better idea of the spirit of the conflict than many dry reports or careful narratives of events, and this part may be called the gossip, the fun, the pathos of the War. This illustrates the character of the leaders, the humor of the soldiers, the devotion of women, the bravery of men, the pluck of our heroes, the romance and hardships of the service. From the beginning of the war the author has been engaged in collecting all anecdotes connected with or illustrative of it, and has grouped and classified them under appropriate heads, and in a very attractive form.

The book's contents include reminiscences of camp, picket, spy, scout, bivouac, siege and battle-field, with thrilling feats of bravery, wit, drollery, comical and ludicrous adventures, etc., etc.

Amusement as well as instruction may be found in every page, as graphic detail, brilliant wit, and authentic history, are skillfully interwoven in this work of literary art.

It is just such a volume as will find numerous purchasers, and just such a one as persons seeking to act as book agents should add to their list.

THE Springfield *Republican* avers that there are "thousands of Democrats who, notwithstanding the clamor against military Presidents, like a General, who knows and minds his own business better than a Chief Justice who don't."

THE *La Crosse Democrat* is really working in the interest of the radicals by making the support of such Democracy, as it professes, too manifestly hopeless, absurd and disgusting for decent men to swallow.—*N. Y. Citizen.*

We are afraid that there in much truth in the above sentence.—*Columbia (S. C.) Phœnix.*

O, don't give "Brick" up, he is a true Democrat, all O. K.

The Rutherford Star.

We were agreeably surprised yesterday morning, on receiving a large and handsome paper under the above title, with the names of GRANT and COLFAX at its masthead. We are glad that the *Star* has been revived, and is looking so well in its new series. It is edited by J. B. Carpenter, Esq., with R. W. Logan Associate Editor.

The *Star* ought to be well supported, published as it is an intelligent, reading community, and in the banner Republican County of the State. We wish it much success.—*Standard.*

THE Rutherford *Star*, publication of which was suspended last September, is again issued. The first number of the resumption has been received, and presents neat appearance, and gives evidence of much ability in its editorial management. It is published every Tuesday by J. B. Carpenter & Co., and its politics are republican.—*Wilmington Post.*

Kit Carson.

Our dispatches from St Louis this morning announce that a letter, received there from Fort Lynn, Colorado, says that the renowned Kit Carson died at that fort on the 2nd inst., of a rupture of an artery in the neck. Kit Carson was one of the most noted of the intrepid race of mountaineers trappers, and guides that have ever been the pioneers of civilization in its advancement westward across the Western continent. He was born in Madison County, Kentucky, Dec. 24th, 1805, and while he was a mere infant his parents emigrated to what is now Howard County, Missouri, but what was then an unbroken wilderness. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a saddler with whom he continued two years, after which he joined a hunting expedition and thus commenced the pursuit he followed during the remainder of his life. For eight years he was on the plains leading the adventurous life of a trapper, which he relinquished only on receiving the appointment of hunter to Bent's Fort, where he continued eight years more. At the expiration of this time he paid a short visit to his family, and on his return met, for the first time, General, then Lieut, John C, Fremont, by whom his experience in the backwoods was at once appreciated, and by whom, also, he was engaged as guide in his subsequent explorations. In this position he was eminently useful, and to him is probably due much of the success of those explorations. In 1847, Carson was sent to Washington, as bearer of dispatches, and was then appointed Lieutenant in the Rifle Corpse of the United States army. In 1853 he drove 6,500 sheep over the mountains to Callatornia, a very hazardous undertaking at that time, and, on his return to Laos, was appointed Indian agent in New Mexico. Since this appointment he has been largely instrumental in bringing about the treaties between the United States and the Indians, and on a mission of this kind he visited Washington a few weeks ago in company with a deputation of the red men, and made a tour of several of the Northern and eastern cities.—*N. Y Tribune.*

TEXAS.—The Constitutional Convention assembled on the 1st of June, at Austin, and proceeded to organize. Texas will be the last State, save Virginia, to ratify her Constitution. But the Union element there is strong and brave, and we look to see Texas redeemed.

The Old Line Whigs.

The Petersburg *Express* has an article under the above caption, from which we extract the following:

None can deny that despite defeat, there is something noble in the political record of the old Whig party. In its history its most determined opponents can discover nothing to inspire a blush. A rare purity illustrated its administration. Its leaders were men, who, while their counsels were generally rejected by the people, yet already secured from themselves popular respect and admiration. And never did the followers of any political party cling to its principles with greater tenacity, support them with a more unflinching devotion, or bear its name even in defeat, with a prouder or more majestic mien.

Democracy.

Harper's Weekly of the 30th ult., has several well written political articles, from which we select the following passage.

Our history has given us the most fearful and memorable example of the perils of party spirit in the career of the Democratic party, beginning with the claim of the rights of man, and ending in a desperate struggle to overthrow the best of governments for the purpose of perpetuating human slavery. The party behest was the only rule of action allowed, and the party order was issued by the most unscrupulous of party leaders. "I would vote," said one of the Democratic orators, "for the Devil himself if he were the regular nominee."—The party drill was marvelous. The rule of the Democratic party became almost a tradition. There were those who really supposed that any effort to throw off its supremacy was hopeless.

Wells.

While in Concord, last Tuesday, we called at the residence of Mr. J. B. Antony, (to whom we are indebted for several facts of kindness and attention,) where we witnessed, to us a new process of boaring common wells. It was brought from Mississippi where it has been in use for some time, and is now most successfully operated by Messrs. Williford & Penny. It is an artesian auger, cutting a hole about nine inches in diameter, can easily be worked by four or five men, completes the well in about three quarters of a day, and costs only one dollar per foot, curbing and all. The auger is suspended by means of a derrick and is drawn up by a windlass. Not more than a wheel barrow load of dirt is raised in sinking a well of ordinary depth, and as it only occupies a foot square can be conveniently dug in the kitchen or back porch. The bucket is about two feet long and about six inches in diameter—has a bottom fixed upon hinges, which is raised when it strikes the water by means of which it is filled, and as soon as it emerges out of the water it closes and becomes water-tight. A boy six years of age can draw the water. By this invention a well capable of affording an unfailing supply of water can be had for from 25 to 30 dollars—all ready for use. There is one on Mr. Riche's lot, we were informed, which afforded about 1,000 gallons per day. All housekeepers will find it to their interest as a matter of convenience and economy, to have one.

Mr Williford is a responsible gentleman, and will guarantee satisfaction for work or no pay. He is not at work in Concord.—*Charlotte Times.*

A dispatch from Omaha says that the Union Pacific Railroad now reaches six hundred miles west of that place, and is in running order to a point fifty miles beyond the highest ridge of the Rocky Mountains The rapid construction of this railroad is one of the most marvelous feats in the chronicles of engineering. Nothing like it in "railroading" was even before accomplished. Sixty miles of track have been completed since the Spring opened, and at this rate nearly four hundred miles will have been laid down before the end of the year, and the great turnpike between the Atlantic and Pacific opened for travel next year, instead of in 1870, as promised. The enterprise and ability of a railroad management which has thus done more than the stint scientific theory set for it, cannot be questioned, and it is not surprising to learn that, even with an uncompleted track, the Union Pacific Railroad is paying handsomely. The great interests which are eagerly waiting for railroad connection between New-York and San Francisco may well be satisfied with what those performances promise.—*N. Y. Times.*

A STARTLING DEMAND FOR COFFINS.—Bishop Atkinson, of North Carolina, in an address delivered last Sunday evening in Christ Church, in this city, relating chiefly to church matters and missionary work, made one statement which is calculated to arrest the attention of every thinking person regardless of secret, creeds, or political views. He was referring to the rapid extinction of the negroes in the South, and in illustration of the state of things even in North Carolina he spoke of a negro town opposite or near Newbern consisting of 10,000 inhabitants. In that, town said the Bishop, one coffin dealer alone fills orders for 2,500 coffins in a single year *Hartford Times.*

Electoral Vote.

Alabama,	8*	Missouri,	11
Arkansas,	4*	Nebraska,	3
California,	5	Nevada,	3
Connecticut,	6	New Hampshire	5
Delaware,	3	New Jersey,	7
Florida,	3*	New York,	33
Georgia,	9*	North Carolina	9*
Illinois,	16	Ohio,	21
Indiana,	13	Oregon,	3
Iowa,	8	Pennsylvania,	26
Kansas,	3	Rhode Island,	4
Kentucky,	11	South Carolina,	8*
Louisiana,	6*	Tennessee,	10
Maine,	7	Texas,	4*
Maryland,	7	Vermont,	5
Massachusetts,	12	Virginia,	10*
Michigan,	8	West Virginia,	5
Minnesota,	4	Wisconsin,	5
Mississippi,	7*		
Total,			316
Necessary for choice,			159

*Not admitted.

A POSER.—At a little class meeting held in Northern Vermont some months since, the passage of scripture describing the Saviour's ride into Jerusalem on an ass's colt, was the subject under consideration.

For what purpose did people throw branches of palm trees in the way?"

This question was a poser for the class, but an old deacon, more learned in theology than the rest ventured an answer.

"I suppose," said he, "it was to skere the colt."

COMMERCIAL.

Rutherfordton Markets.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
J. A. MILLER & CO.,
DEALERS IN
Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, &c.,

BACON	13@25
BEEF, neat	6@8
BUTTER	15@20
BEESWAX	25
CANDLES, adamantine	33@10
CASTINGS	6@8
COFFEE	30@33
CORN	100
COTTON	15@18
" CLOTH	16½@25
" YARN	250
EGGS	10
FLOUR, per sack	$6@$8
FODDER, per cwt	80@100
FEATHERS	30@40
FLAX CLOTH	25@40
HIDES, dry	15@16½
IRON	5@6
JANES, wool	40@75
LARD	18@20
MEAL per bu	100
NAILS	15
PEAS	100
POTATOES, Irish	50
" sweet, none in market,	
RAGS	3@3½
RICE	16½@20
ROCK ISLAND CASIMERE	75@1 75
ROPE	30@35
SALT.....per sack $5.00....per lb	3
SUGAR	16½@25
SPTS TURPENTINE, per gal	2 00
TALLOW	10½
TEA, per lb	$2 00@$2 50

CHARLOTTE MARKETS,

BACON—country, hog round	17@17½
" —Baltimore sides	18½@20
BUTTER	25@30
CORN	$1 25@$1 30
COTTON	28@28½
CHICKENS	25@30
EGGS	15
FLOUR	$5,25@$5,75
LARD	20@22½
MOLASSES	75@$1.00
OATS	65@70
PEAS	$1,25@$1.30
SALT, ₰ sack	$2,70@$2,60
TOBACCO, per lb	50@$1.25

Corn Whiskey and Apple Brandy, by the barrel, $2,35 to $2,50 per gallon.

Charlotte Money Market.

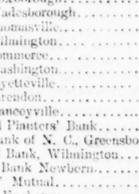
Gold	138
Silver	133
Old Coupons	50
Old Sixes	57
Bank of North Carolina	56
Bank of Cape Fear	28½
Bank of Charlotte	30
Bank of Lexington	15
Bank of Graham, new	24
Bank of Roxborough	61
Bank of Wadesborough	21
Bank of Thomasville	00
Bank of Wilmington	25
Bank of Commerce	16
Bank of Washington	3
Bank of Fayetteville	11
Bank of Clarendon	3
Bank of Yanceyville	3
Miners' and Planters' Bank	40
Farmers' Bank of N. C., Greensboro'	25
Commercial Bank, Wilmington	25
Merchants' Bank Newbern	60
Greensboro' Mutual	6
New York Exchange	¼

Number of Pounds to a Bushel.

Of Wheat	60	Pounds
Of Shelled Corn	56	do
Of Corn on the Cob	70	do
Of Rye	56	do
Of Oats	36	do
Of Barley	46	do
Of Potatoes	60	do
Of Bran	20	do
Of Clover Seed	60	do
Of Timothy Seed	45	do
Of Flax Seed	45	do
Of Hemp Seed	44	do
Of Buckwheat	52	do
Of Blue Grass	54	do
Of Castor Bean	46	do
Of Dried Peaches	33	do
Of Dried Apples	24	do
Of Onions	57	do
Of Salt	50	do

New Advertisements.

R. M. ROBINSON,
FASHIONABLE



TAILOR.
(*EAVES' BUILDING—UP STAIRS.*)

RESPECTFULLY announces to his friends and the public generally that he has returned to Rutherfordton, and is prepared to carry on the

Tailoring Business

in all its various branches, in the neatest and most

FASHIONABLE

style.

Thankful for past favors he would ask for a continuance of the same.

TERMS—Cash or Country Produce.

PAY UP.

ALL PERSONS INDEBTED TO the late firm of McARTHUR & CARPENTER are hereby notified that unless they call and settle their ACCOUNTS by the 4th of July next that they will find them in the hands of an officer for collection.

E. McARTHUR,
J. B. CARPENTER.
je 16-3t 20

Saddles.

A LOT OF NICE SADDLES for sale by J. A. MILLER & CO.
je 15.-tf 20

HAND POWER
LOOM.
Patented March 4th, 1865.

THE UNDER-IGNED HAVING BOUGHT the right to Manufacture and sell
HENDERSON'S HAND POWER
LOOM,
would respectfully invite the Citizens of RUTHERFORD and POLK Counties to call and examine one in operation at the Store of Messrs. J. A. MILLER & CO.

This Loom will do all Kinds OF WEAVING.

It will weave Jeans, Blankets, Plain Cloth, Kersey, Flannel, Seamless Sacks, Double width Blankets, or any kind of Cotton or Flax Cloth.

It treads the treadle, throws the shuttle, lets off the webb and takes up the cloth.

It Makes the Upper Shed as the Batten goes forward.

and beats up the Filling after the cross is made, making better Cloth and better Selvage than can be made any other way.

It is the only Hand Loom suitable for weaving Wool as no Loom that makes all the shed as the button goes back will weave wool satisfactorily.

It has no strings to stretch and get out of order; has treadles at both sides of the Loom, making the shed complete at both sides.

This Loom is made to weave the different kinds of Cloth by simply changing the pins that make the upper shed.

Do not fail to call at the Store of Messrs. J. A. MILLER & CO., and see a full size LOOM in operation. Orders for Looms taken by

J. M. ALLEN & CO.,
Rutherfordton, N. C.
je 16-tf. 20

Flour! Flour!!

2000 LBS of FINE FLOUR, as cheap as can be bought elsewhere, for sale by J. A. MILLER & CO.
je 9-tf. 19

MITCHELL & SUTTLE,

ARE now receiving a new supply of Spring and Summer Goods consisting of

Dry Goods,
Hardware,
Groceries,
Notions,
Boots and Shoes,
Hats,
Confectioneries,
&c., &c.,

all of which they offer at LOW PRICES for cash or country Produce.
je 9-5t. 19

F. D. WOOD.

Silversmith and Jeweller.

Silversmith and Jeweller.

Silversmith and Jeweller,
Boehler's Old Stand,
Rutherfordton, N. C.

IS PREPARED TO DO ANY KIND OF work in his line on the shortest notice. Repairing Watches, Clocks, &c.

☞ TERMS—*strictly cash.*
je 2-tf. 18

DR. B. H. PADGETT,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

CONTINUES THE PRACTICE OF HIS Profession in all its branches, and upon the latest improved plans.

TERMS, *strictly cash.*
je 2—tf. 18

DR. J. W. HARRIS,

WILL GIVE PROMPT ATTENTION to all Professional calls, and hopes to merit a continuance of his long established practice.

☞ Has constantly on hand a fine supply of PURE DRUGS at his office in Rutherfordton.
je 2-tf. 18

GREAT BARGAINS

CAN BE BE HAD AT THE STORE OF
H. M. MILLER,
Who has just received a nice and well selected STOCK OF GOODS of all kinds and qualities

LADIES DRESS GOODS at H. M. MILLER'S

GENTLEMENS' WEAR of all kinds for sale by H. M. MILLER.

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES as cheap as the cheapest at H. M. MILLER'S.

HARDWARE, CUTLERY, &c, for sale by H. M. MILLER.

PAINTS, ROZINE, and DYE STUFFS of all kinds, at H. M. MILLER'S.

WANTED, 1000 lbs Green and Dry Hides, at H. M. MILLER'S.

WANTED, Beeswax, Tallow, Feathers Rags, Home-spun Cloth, &c., &c. at H. M. MILLER'S.
je 2-tf. 19

SADDLES, SADDLES—as cheap as can be bought from the Manufacturers, at H. M. MILLER'S.
je 9-tf. 19

The Star

JOB OFFICE.

WE would respectfully announce to the public that we have one of the most COMPLETE JOBOFFICES in Western North Carolina and can execute with

Neatness and Dispatch,

and at prices to suit the times, any kind of a JOB from the largest

POSTER

to the smallest size

BUSINESS CARD,

We have just ordered from Baltimore a lot of

FINE PAPER

for BLANKS &c., and a lot of

CARDS

for business men.

Merchants and others needing anything of the kind should give us a call as we are sure that with our Office of over

FIFTY VARIETIES
OF
PLAIN & FANCY
TYPE

we can suit their varied tastes.

BLANKS! BLANKS!

We shall keep on hand or will print to order any and every kind of

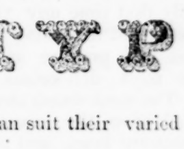
LEGAL BLANKS,

and shall be pleased to receive orders from the adjoining Counties for any Blanks needed.

J. B. CARPENTER & CO.

NEW GOODS!!

NEW GOODS.



JAS. A. MILLER & CO.,

BEG leave to say to their friends and the public generally that they have just received

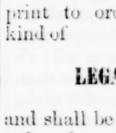
From Baltimore,

a large and varied stock of

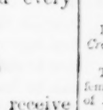
DRY GOODS,

such as Mens' wear, Ladies' Dress Goods, &c., &c.

BOOTS and SHOES,



HATS and CAPS



HARDWARE, GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERIES, and in fact everything usually found in a

RETAIL STORE.

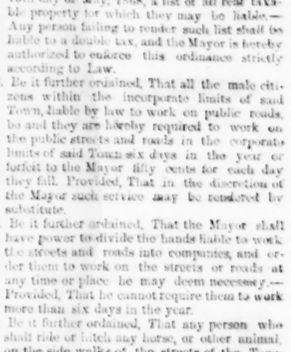
Give us a call and we will be pleased to show you our GOODS and tell you our prices which we are confident will give satisfaction.

ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchange for Goods.
je 2-tf. 18

Town Ordinances.

1. Be it ordained by the Commissioners of Rutherfordton, and it is hereby ordained by the authority of the same, That a tax be, and the same is hereby laid of 15 cents on each One Hundred Dollars' worth of real taxable property within the limits of said Town, for the year 1868, according to the assessment of 1868.
2. Be it further ordained That all persons liable to pay tax within the corporation be required to deliver to the Town Mayor on or before the 15th day of May, 1868, a list of all real taxable property for which they may be liable.—Any person failing to render such list shall be liable to a double tax, and the Mayor is hereby authorized to enforce this ordinance strictly according to Law.
3. Be it further ordained, That all the male citizens within the incorporate limits of said Town, liable by law to work on public roads, be and they are hereby required to work on the public streets and roads in the corporate limits of said Town six days in the year or forfeit to the Mayor fifty cents for each day they fail. Provided, That in the discretion of the Mayor such service may be rendered by substitute.
4. Be it further ordained, That the Mayor shall have power to divide the hands liable to work the streets and roads into companies, and order them to work on the streets or roads at any time or place he may deem necessary.—Provided, That he cannot require them to work more than six days in the year.
5. Be it further ordained, That any person who shall ride or hitch any horse, or other animal, on the side walks of the streets of the Town shall forfeit and pay a fine of One Dollar for the first and Two Dollars for each additional offence, to be collected and expended as other taxes for improvement of the Town.
6. Be it further ordained, That a tax of Twenty-Five Dollars be and is hereby levied on all retailers of Spirituous Liquors in quantities less than five gallons, Provided the sale of liquors by regular Physicians, strictly for medicinal purposes, shall be excepted from the operation of this ordinance.
7. Be it further ordained, That a tax of Five Dollars be laid upon all itinerant persons not residents of said county, who shall offer for sale any Goods, Wares or Merchandise within the limits of said Town.
8. Be it further ordained, That a tax of Ten Dollars be imposed for the exhibition of Equestrian and Menagerie performances, and a tax of Five Dollars is imposed upon all Shows generally known as Side-Shows, Slight-of-Hand, Magic Lanterns, or other exhibitions for pay, for each day or night shown or exhibited within the corporation.
9. Be it further ordained, That a fine of One Dollar be and is hereby imposed on all persons who shall discharge fire arms of any kind within the incorporation, except that portion of said incorporation lying east of the branch, east of said Town.

J. M. JUSTICK, *T. M.*
J. B. CARPENTER, *Clerk.*



THE RUTHERFORD STAR.
Published every Tuesday at RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

"Unquestionably the best sustained Work of the kind in the World."

Harper's Magazine

In the Number for January was commenced "*The Woman's Kingdom: a Love Story*," by DINAH MULOCK CRAIK, Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," &c.

The most popular Monthly in the world.—*New York Observer.*

It meets precisely the popular taste, furnishing a pleasing and instructing variety of reading for all.—*Zion's Herald, Boston.*

A Complete Pictorial History of the Times.

Harper's Weekly.

AN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

In the first number for 1868 was commenced the issue of "*Moonstone*," a Novel, by WILKIE COLLINS, Author of "The Woman in White," &c.

The model newspaper of our country.—*N. Y Evening Post.*

The articles upon public questions which appear in HARPER'S WEEKLY form a remarkable series of brief political essays.—*North American Review.*

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

In it is now being published "*The Cord and Creese*," a Novel by JAMES DE MILLE.

The BAZAR, as an intelligent critic upon all feminine topics, will doubtless become the Queen of American newspapers.—*Albion.*

Terms for Harper's Periodicals:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year	4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, to one address, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

An extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, *or* BAZAR *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* Five Subscribers *at* $4 00 *each, in one remittance; or* Six Copies *for* $20 00.

Bound Volumes of the *Magazine*, each Volume containing the Numbers for Six Months, will be furnished for $3 00 per Volume, sent by mail, postage paid. Bound Volumes of the *Weekly*, each containing the Numbers for a Year will be furnished for $7 00, freight paid by the Publishers.

The Postage within the United States is for the *Magazine* 24 cents a year, for the *Weekly* or *Bazar* 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received.—Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the *Magazine*, or 20 cents for the *Weekly* or *Bazar* to pre-pay the United States postage.

Subscribers to the *Magazine*, *Weekly* or *Bazar* will find on each wrapper the Number with which their subscription expires. Each periodical is stopped when the term of subscription closes. It is not necessary to give notice of discontinuance.

In ordering the *Magazine*, the *Weekly*, or the *Bazar*, the name and address should be clearly written. When the direction is to be changed, both the old and the new one must be given.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of Harper & Brothers is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

Terms for Advertising in Harper's Periodicals.

Harper's Magazine—Whole Page, $250; Half Page, $125; Quarter Page, $70—each insertion; or, for a less space, $1 50 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $1 50 per Line; Outside Page, $2 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar—$1 00 per Line, each insertion.

Periodical Dealers supplied with *Harper's Weekly* and *Harper's Bazar* at Seven Dollars per hundred each.

POETS CORNER,

THE UNION DEAD.

BY W. W. HOLDEN.

I.

A nations saved weeps o'er the brave,
Who, faithful to its life and laws,
Mid march, and seige, and suffering, gave
Themselves unto its holy Cause.

II.

On rugged mount, in sylvan shade,
By murmuring stream and sounding deep,
'Neath soil their valor classic made,
The Heroes of the Union sleep.

III.

To future Time's remotest verge
Let votive offerings deck each grave,
And sacred eulogy and dirge
Lament them, bravest of the brave!

IV.

The flag still soars towards the sun:
The Union fears no traitor now:
Freedom for all at last is won,
And Glory crowns the nation's brow.

V.

Half mast the flag—the minute gun
Roll forth its heavy note of woe!
Their fame is safe,—the work is done
Of those who calmly sleep below.

VI.

War may again his havoc make,
New actors fill their allotted part,
Yet still these memories, fresh, shall wake
Their echoes in the nation's heart.

THE GRACIOUS ANSWER.

The day is dark, my child! but leads to light,
I would not always have the walk "by sight,"
My dealings now thou canst not understand,
I meant it so; but *I will* "take thy hand,"
And through thy gloom
Lead safely home
My child!

The day goes fast, my child! But is the night
Darker than day! In me is light!
Keep close to me, and every spectral band
Of fears shall vanish. *I will* "take thy hand,"
And through the night
Lead up to light
My child!

The way is long, my child. But it shall be
But one step longer than is best for thee;
And thou shalt know at last when thou shalt stand
Safe at the goal, how *I did* "take thy hand,"
And quick and straight
Lead to Heaven's gate,
My child!

The path is rough, my child! But oh! how sweet
Will be the rest for weary pilgrims meet,
When thou shalt reach the borders of the land
To which I lead thee, as I "take thy hand,"
And safe and blest
With me shall rest
My child!

The throng is great, my child! But at thy side
Thy father walks; then be not terrified;
For I am with thee; will thy foes command
To let thee freely pass; will "take thy hand,"
And through the throng
Lead safe along
My child!!

The cross is heavy, child. Yet there is One
Who bore a heavier cross for thee—my Son,
My well beloved. For him bear thine and stand
With him at last; and from thy Father's hand,
Thy cross laid down,
Receive a crown
My child!

HUMOROUS.

An Awkward Predicament.

Out in Missouri lives a Mrs. Hempdale who had a daughter named Laura, who loved a man named Jack. This man Jack she didn't like, but she was informed by a neighbor that Jack and Laura had arranged a plan of elopement.

Her mind was quickly made up. She announced to Laura the next morning that she was going to Belleville on a visit, to be gone for three days, and that she must be a good girl and not tear the house down while she was gone.

That night Jack knew of it, and as he read the nice little note that bade him "come over and stay until mother comes home, and what a splendid time we will have," he smiled, knocked the ashes off his cigar, and resolved of course he would.

Jack went over, but there is no earthly use in our attempting to describe the delectable things he enjoyed; it was sugar season on the plantation, sure.

Just before dusk, while Jack was running over full of the occasion in rushes Laura's waiting woman with.

"Lor bress me, chil'n ef yer ain't missis at the gate."

"My God, Dinah what shall we do with Jack?"

"Pop him in de closet, Miss Laura," and Jack was popped in the closet in a twinkling.

In stalked the old lady, and sharply scrutinizing the disconcerted and blushing countenance of Laura, felt sure that Jack had been there.

"Come here Laura. Now you can't deceive me, That abominable Plaine has been here, and you and he have fixed upon a runaway match, to come off to-night; I know you see."

Laura was silent, and the old lady continued

"But you'll find your mother is no fool, and too sharp for you, my lady. Sooner than you should marry that miserable Jack Plaine, I'd see you laid in your grave. He is not going to squander my money, I assure you."

The old lady rose, np going to a clothes press, returned with several comforters and a pillow.

Then walking up to the closet where Jack was concealed threw them in and said to Laura:

"Now march in here, Miss, step along, I'll look out that you don't see that low born mechanic this night."

Laura protested that she didn't want to, declaring that her mother might be sorry for it some day.

But without paying any attention, her mother gave her a push, shut the door and locked it, put the key in her pocket and went to bed.

Early in the morning the old lady arose and without waiting to dress, took the key from her pocket, and opened the closet door to bid Laura come forth, gazed widely for an instant, and uttering a most piercing scream.

Recovering very rapidly, she started away from the door and called faintly to Laura—

"Laura, dear, go into the kitchen and see about the breakfast."

Then presently—

"Jack, I say Jack."

Jack came forth with a son-in-law looking air and answered:

"Well, madam, what is it?"

"Do you know anything about a farm?" said she.

"Nothing to brag on ma'am," said Jack, humbly.

"Well, at any rate, Jack, I think that after breakfast you and Laura may as well go down to the city and get married, for I'm tired of watching you, that's a fact."

AGRICULTURAL.

"He that by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

From the Charlotte Democrat.

Lespedeza, or Japan-Clover.

Every observing person must have noticed the small, clover-like plant, which, for the last eight or ten years, has been rapidly extending itself over nearly the whole Southern country, clothing our road sides and alleys with its beautiful carpet of green. It should be regarded as a welcome visitor everywhere, not only for removing the sterile and unforbidding aspect of our old-fields and uncultivated surfaces, but for its nutritive and renovating properties. It belongs to the leguminous, or pod-bearing plants, and is closely allied in its botanical affinities with clover, the pea, bean, lucerne, &c. The generic name Lespedeza was given to it by Michaux, a distinguished French botanist about the beginning of the present century, in honor of his friend Lespedez, Governor of Florida. There are several other species in the United States, but claim no particular importance. The species under consideration is a tender, nutrious plant, making it appearance in May, and is greatly relished by all kind of stock. It seems to be performing the blessed work of eradicating the unsightly broom straw from our uncultivated land, gradually improving its fertility, affording much nutriment to animals, shielding the soil from the scorching rays of the sun, and covering its surface with an attractive herbaceous verdure. It is now conceded by botanists to be the same species which Thunberg found, many years ago, in Japan, but how and when it found its way to this country is not certainly known, but is supposed to have been introduced by some trading vessel into one of our Southern ports. Be this as it may, it is a valuable boon sent by a kind Providence to minister to our wants, and assist in building up the shattered fortunes and impoverished condition of the South.

C. L. H.

LOOK TO YOUR CELLARS.—Now is the time to clean up the cellars, as it is a work that should not be left until warm weather is upon us. By that time any vegetable matter left remaining will decompose and produce an atmosphere most deleterious to health. The meat stands should be emptied upon the asparagus beds or manure heap, and must not be thrown anywhere else, as the brine will kill even trees as an arm if applied in large quantities. The cellar should then be thoroghly whitewashed and brushed up nice enough to dine in it. A filthy cellar is an abomination that no housekeeper who has any claim to tidiness will allow to remain an hour longer than can be helped. The health of the entire family may be seriously endangered by it, and we have no doubt that in many instances fevers have resulted from unwarrantable neglected in this matter. —*Germantown Telegraph.*

HOW TO GET RID OF RATS.—It has been discovered that rats can be got rid of by covering the floor near the rat hole with a thin layer of caustic potash. When the rats walk on this, it makes their feet sore, this they lick with their tongues; it makes their mouth sore, and the result is that they shun this locality, not alone, but appear to tell all the neighboring rats about it, and eventually the house is entirely abandoned by them, not withstanding the neighborhood may be teeming with rats.

STRAWBERRIES—ENTERPRISE.—There is a Strawberry bed near Goldsbro', we learn, covering *three fourths* of an acre. The fruit is shipped to *Baltimore*. It is placed in little *pint baskets*, made of wood.

Ninety baskets are placed in a *slat box*, about the size of an ordinary trunk. The freight is about *a dollar*. They leave Goldsboro' at 10½ o'clock, A. M., and reach Baltimore next morning at 7 A. M. They bring a *fine price* —better than cotton.—*Exchange*

REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

The National Republican Party of the United States, assembled in National Convention in this City of Chicargo, on the 20th day of May, 1868, make the following declaration of principles:

I. We congratulate the country on the assured success of the Reconstruction policy of Congress, as evinced by the adoption, in the majority of the States lately in rebellion of Constitutions securing Equal Civil and Political Rights to all, and it is the du y of the Government to sustain those institutions and to prevent the people of such States from being remitted to a taste of anarchy.

II. The guaranty by Congress of Equal Suffrage to all loyal men at the South was demanded by every consideration of public safety, of gratitude, and of justice, and must be maintained; while the question of Suffrage in all the loyal States properly belongs to the people of those States.

III. We denounce all forms of Repudiation as a national crime; and the national honor requires the payment of the public indebtedness in the uttermost good faith to all creditors at home and abroad, not only according to the letter but the spirit of the laws under which it was constructed.

IV. It is due to the Labor of the Nation that taxation should be equalized, and reduced as rapidly as the national faith will permit.

V. The National Debt, contracted, as it has been, for the preservation of the Union for all time to come, should be extended over a fair period for redemption; and it is the duty of Congress to reduce the rate of interest thereon, whenever it can be honestly done.

VI. That the best policy to diminish our burden of debt is to so improve our credit that capatalist will seek to loan us money at lower rates of interest than we now pay, and must continue to pay so long as repudiation, partial or total, open or covert, is threatened or suspected.

VII. The Government of the United States should be administered with the strictest economy; and the corruptions which have been so shamefully nursed and fostered by Andrew Johnson call loudly for radical reform.

VIII. We profoundly deplore the untimely and tragic death of Abraham Lincoln, and regret the accession to the Presidency of Andrew Johnson, who has acted treacherously to the people who elected him and the cause he was pledged to support; who has usurped high legislative and judicial functions; who has refused to execute the laws; who has used his high office to induce other officers to ignore and violate the laws; who has employed his executive powers to render insecure the property, the peace, liberty and life of the citizen; who has abused the pardoning power; who has denounced the National Legislature as unconstitutional; who has persistently and corruptly resisted, by every means in his power, every proper attempt at the reconstruction of the States lately in rebellion; who has perverted the public patronage into an engine of wholesale corruption; and who has been justly impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors, and properly pronounced guilty thereof by the vote of thirty-five Senators.

IX. The doctrine of Great Britain and other European powers that, because a man is once a subject he is always so, must be resisted at every hazzard by the United States, as a relic of feudal times, not authorized by the laws of nations, and at war with our national honor and independence. Naturalized citizens are entitled to protection in all their rights of citizenship, as though they were native-born; and no citizen of the United States, native or naturalized, must be liable to arrest and imprisonment by any foreign power for acts done or words spoken in this country; and, if so arrested and imprisoned, it is the duty of the Government to interfere in his behalf.

X. Of all who were faithful in the trials of the late war, there were none entitled to more especial honor than the brave soldiers and seamen who endured the hardships of campaign and cruise, imperrilled their lives in the service of the country; the bounties and pensions provided by the laws for these brave defenders of the nation, are obligations never to be forgotten; the widows and orphans of the gallant dead are the wards of the people—a sacred legacy bequeathed to the nation's protecting care.

XI. Foreign immigration, which in the past has added so much to the wealth, development and resources and increase of power to this republic, the asylum of the oppressed of all nations, should be fostered and encouraged by a liberal and just policy.

XII. This Convention declares itself in sympathy with all oppressed people struggling for their rights.

CLIPPINGS.

☞ The end of all cobblers—The wax end.

☞ When beggars die there are no comets seen.

☞ Every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

☞ There is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.

☞ Purity is the feminine, Truth the masculine of honor.

Why is hope like a decayed cheese? Because thousands live on it.

☞ Two affairs that are better for being well dressed—woman and dishes.

☞ It is the greatest possible praise to be praised by a man who is himself deserving of praise.

☞ If everybody would mind their own business, more business would be done.—Good advice.

☞ He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one, should never remember it.

☞ A child wanted to describe a snake to his aunt, and said it was "a thing all tail—clean up to the head."

☞ True goodness is like the glow worm in this, that it shines most when no eyes, except those of Heaven, are upon it.

☞ Men of genius are often inert in society; as the blazing meteor, when it descends to the earth, is only a stone.

☞ Because people love darkness rather than light when they take a nap, does it follow that they are disposed to evil?

☞ A pamphlet is announced in Paris designed to show that the English in Abyssinia are not a whit better than the French in Mexico.

☞ Disdain not your inferiors though poor; since he may possibly be much your superior in wisdom and the noblest endowment of the mind.

☞ Paris, from having been the cheapest, has become the dearest city in the world to live in. Water is paid for by the gallon, and wood is purchased by the pound.

☞ A man lately advertised that on the receipt of ten cents he would send a splendid steel engraving of "that noble hero, General Jackson." The "splendid steel engraving" proved to be a two cent stamp.

☞ There is in Alleghany County, Md., an old lady, Mrs. Mary Broadwater, who is the mother of thirteen children, and has now two hundred and forty seven lineal descendants—children, grand-children and great grand-children—and who is still hale and hearty, at the age of about seventy-four, and may live to see her descendants number over three hundred.

☞ There is a lady residing in Jasper county, Ga., who lost her husband in the war. What property she had was swept away, leaving her almost penniless, with three children to support, all daughters. These girls, all young, were unused to work upon the farm, but it was that or worse. With two young oxens to plow, they have made two crops, making an abundance to live on, and are now cultivating the third, which promises well.

The Republican National Executive Committee.

Alabama,	James T. B. Stowe.
Arkansas,	E. F. Rice.
California,	George C. Gorham.
Colorado,	Daniel Witter.
Connecticut,	H. H. Starkweather.
Dakota,	Newton Edmunds.
Delaware,	Ed. F. Bradford.
District of Columbia,	S. J. Bowen.
Florida,	B. Conover.
Georgia,	J. H. Caldwell.
Idaho,	John C. Henry.
Illinois,	J. Russel Jones.
Indiana,	Cyrus M. Allen.
Iowa,	Joshua Fletcher.
Kansas,	John A. Martin.
Kentucky,	Allen A. Barton.
Louisiana,	M. H. Southworth.
Maine,	Lewis Baker.
Maryland,	Charles C. Fulton.
Massachusetts,	William Clafin.
Michigan,	—— Giddings.
Minnesota,	John F. Avery.
Mississippi,	A. C. Fish.
Missouri,	Benjamin Loan.
Montana,	S. Wilson.
Nebraska,	E. P. Taylor.
Nevada,	Charles F. Delong.
New Hampshire,	W. E. Chandler.
New Jersey,	James Gopsill.
New York,	Horace Greeley.
North Carolina,	William Sloan.
Ohio,	B. R. Cowan.
Oregon,	H. W. Corbett.
Pennsylvania,	W. H. Kemble.
Rhode Island,	Lyman Frieze.
South Carolina,	James H. Jenks.
Tennessee,	James H. Stokes.
Texas,	A. J. Hamilton.
Vermont,	W. Burke.
Virginia,	Franklin Stearns.
West Virginia,	Samuel D. Kurns.
Wisconsin,	David Atwood.

Official Return of the Election.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND MILITARY DISTRICT
Charleston, S. C., May 12, 1868.

General Orders, No. 83.]

At an election held in the State of North Carolina on the 21st, 22d 23d days of April, 1868, pursuant to General Orders No. 45, from these Headquarters, dated March 23, 1868, and under the authority of the law of the United States of March 2, 1867, "to provide for the more efficient government of the rebel States," and the laws supplementary thereto, the question of ratifying or rejecting the Constitution framed by the Convention elected for the purpose, under the authority of the aforecited laws, was submitted to the qualified electors of the said State; and at which election was also submitted, under the authority of the second Section of the law of the United States of March 11, 1868, amendatory of the aforecited laws, the election of the officers of the legislative, judicial and executive departments, and county of the State of North Carolina provided for by the said Constitution and made elective by the people; and also, under the same authority, of members of the House of Representatives of the Congress of the United States: And the election officers having made the returns required by law, it is hereby declared—

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Alamance.—John A. Moore.
Alexander.—R. P. Matheson,
Alleghany.—John L. Smith.
Anson.—D. Ingram.
Ashe.—Mathew Carson,
Beaufort.—Hiram E. Stilley.
Bertie.—Parker D. Robbins.
Bladen.—F. W. Foster,
Brunswick.—Benjamin D. Morrill.
Buncombe.—W. G. Candler.
Burke.—Samuel C. Wilson.
Cabarrus.—John P. Gibson.
Caldwell.—James C. Harper.
Carteret.—Joel Henry Davis, Jr.
Caswell.—William Long, Philip Hodnett.
Catawba.—James R. Ellis.
Chatham.—W. T. Gunter, James B. Long.

1st. That the Constitution adopted by the Convention which assembled in the city of Raleigh, N. C., on the 14th day of January, and adjourned on the 17th day of March, 1868, has been ratified by a majority of the votes actually cast by the qualified electors of the State of North Carolina.

2d. That the following named persons have received a majority of the votes cast by the qualified electors of the State for the Executive Department of the State, and are duly elected to the offices herein specified:

WILLIAM W. HOLDEN—*Governor.*
TOD R. CALDWELL—*Lieut.-Governor.*
H. J. MENNINGER—*Secretary of State.*
DAVID A. JENKINS—*Treasurer.*
HENDERSON ADAMS—*Auditor.*
CEBERN L. HARRIS—*Sup. Pub. Works.*
SAMUEL S. ASHLEY—*Sup. Pub. Inst'n.*
WILLIAM M. COLEMAN—*Attor. General.*

3rd. That the following named persons have received a majority of the votes cast by the qualified electors of their respective Senatorial and Representative Districts, and are duly elected as members of the Senate and House of Representatives of the General Assembly of the State of North Carolina, as herein specified:

SENATE.

1st. Dist.—E. A. White, J. W. Etheridge.
2nd Dist.—F. G. Martindale.
3rd Dist.—J. B. Respers.
4th Dist.—William Barrow.
5th Dist.—J. W. Beasley.
6th Dist.—Henry Epps.
7th Dist.—N. B. Bellamy,
8th Dist.—D. J. Rich.
9th Dist.—Joshua Barnes.
10th Dist.—W. H. S. Sweet, W. A. Moore,
11th Dist.—D. D. Colgrove.
12th Dist.—William A. Allen.
13th Dist.—Edwin Legg, A. H. Galloway.
14th Dist.—John W. Purdie.
15th Dist.—Orlin S. Hayes.
16th Dist.—James S. Harrington, L. D. Hall.
17th Dist.—J. B. Cook.
18th Dist.—Curtis H. Brogden.
19th Dist.—Willie D. Jones, R. J. Wynne.
20th Dist.—John A. Hyman.
21st Dist.—C. S. Winstead, R. W. Lassiter.
22nd Dist.—Josiah Turner, Jr.
23rd Dist.—Silas Barns.
24th Dist.—Bedford Brown.
25th Dist.—Israel G. Lash.
26th Dist.—T. M. Shoffner, G. W. Welker.
27th Dist.—John H. Davis.
28th Dist.—W. B. Richardson.
29th Dist.—P. T. Beeman.
30th Dist.—J. W. Osborne.
31st Dist.—Christopher Melchor.
32nd Dist.—William M. Robbins.
33rd Dist.—P. A. Long.
34th Dist.—Peter A. Wilson.
35th Dist.—Samuel Forkner.
36th Dist.—John H. McLaughlin.
37th Dist.—Lawson A. Mason.
38th Dist.—J. B. Eaves.
39th Dist.—Samuel P. Smith.
40th Dist.—James Blythe.
41st Dist.—Edmund W. Jones.
42nd Dist.—William M. Moore,
43rd Dist.—W. Levi Love.
Cherokee.—J. R. Simons.
Chowan.—Richard Clayton.
Clay.—John O. Hicks.
Cleveland.—Plato Durham.
Columbus.—Daniel P. High.
Craven.—A. S. Seymour, A. W. Stevens, B. W. Morris.
Cumberland.—John S. Leary, Isham Sweat.
Currituck.—Thomas C. Humphries.
Davidson.—Jabez Mendenhall, G. Kinney.
Davie.—James A. Kelly.
Duplin.—Isaac B. Kelly, N. E. Armstrong.
Edgecombe.—George Peck, H. C. Cherry.
Forsyth.—John P. Vest.
Franklin.—J. T. Harris, J. H. Williamson.
Gaston.—Jonas Huffman.
Gates.—John Gatling.
Granville.—J. W. Ragland, J. A. Crawford, C. Mayo.
Greene.—Joseph Dixon.
Guilford.—Stephen G. Horney, D. Hodgin.
Halifax.—J. H. Renfrow, W. T. J. Hayes, Ivey Hutchings.
Harnett.—Neill S. Stuart.
Haywood.—Walter Brown.
Henderson.—W. D. Justus.
Hertford.—Thomas Snipes.
Hyde.—Thomas Farrow.
Iredell.—T. A. Nicholson, G. F. Davidson.
Jackson.—Joseph Keener.
Johnston.—B. R. Hinnant, E. W. Pou,
Jones.—L. D. Wilkes.
Lenoir.—Wallace Ames.
Lincoln.—A. C. Wiswall.
Macon.—James L. Robinson.
Madison.—Nat. Kelsey.
Martin.—Jesse J. Smith.
McDowell.—W. W. Gilbert.
Mecklenburg.—R. D. Whitley, W. W. Greer.
Mitchell.—Jacob W. Bowman.
Montgomery.—George A. Graham.
Moore.—Abel Kelly.
Nash.—W. W. Boddie.
New Hanover.—J. C. Abbott, L. G. Estes, G. W. Price, Jr.
Northampton.—R. C. Parker, J. T. Reynolds.
Onslow.—Franklin Thompson.
Orange.—John J. Allison, Thomas M. Argo.
Pasquotank.—Thomas A. Sike.
Perquimans.—Jeptha White
Person.—Samuel C. Barnett,
Pitt.—Byron Laflin, Richard Short.
Polk.—Asberry Waldrop.
Randolph.—E. T. Blair, Joel Ashworth.
Richmond.—Richmond T. Long.
Robeson.—James Sinclair, E. K. Proctor.
Rockingham.—Henry Barnes, David S. Ellington.
Rowan.—Joseph A. Hawkins, I. M. Shaver.
Rutherford.—James M. Justice.
Sampson.—John C. Williams.
Stanley.—Lafayette Green.
Stokes.—W. W. McCanless,
Surry.—A. L. Hendricks.
Transylvania.—James W. Claton
Tyrrell.—Thomas J. Jarvis.
Union.—Hugh Downing.
Wake.—J. W. Holden, S. D. Franklin, F. G. Moring, James H. Harris.
Warren.—William Cawthorn, Richard Falkner.
Washington.—James J. Rea.
Watauga.—Lewis B. Banner.
Wayne.—John T. Pearson, John C. Rhodes,
Wilkes.—William B. Siegrist.
Wilson.—George W. Stanton.
Yancey.—David Proffitt.
Yadkin.—T. M. Vistal.

4th. That the following named persons have received a majority of the votes cast by the qualified electors of the State voting at large, and are duly elected to the offices herein specified;

SUPREME COURT.

Chief-Justice, Richard M. Pearson; *Associate Justices,* Will. B. Rodman, Robert P. Dick, Thomas Settle, E. G. Reade.

Superior Court Judges.—First District, Charles C. Pool; Second District, Edmond W. Jones; Third District, Charles R. Thomas; Fourth District, Daniel L. Russell, Jr.; Fifth District, Ralph P. Buxton; Sixth District, Samuel W. Watts; Seventh District, A. W. Tourgee; Eighth District, Darius H. Starbuck; Ninth District, George W. Logan; Tenth District, Anderson Mitchel; Eleventh District, James L. Henry; Twelfth District, Riley H. Cannon.

5th. That the following named persons have received a majority of the votes cast by the qualified electors of their respective Judicial Districts, and are duly elected to the offices of Solicitor as herein specified:

1st Dist.—Jonathan W. Albertson.
2nd Dist.—Joseph J. Martin.
3rd Dist.—John V. Sherard,
4th Dist.—John A. Richardson.
5th Dist.—Neill McKay.
6th Dist.—William J. Cox.
7th Dist.—R. R. Bulla.
8th Dist—A. H. Joyce.
9th Dist.—William P. Bynum.
10th Dist.—W. P. Caldwell,
11th Dist,—Virgil S. Lusk.
12th Dist—William L. Tate.

Article 6th gives the names of persons who received a majority of the votes cast by the qualified electors of their respective counties, and are duly elected to the offices therein specified.

7th. That the following named persons have received a majority of the votes cast by the qualified electors of their respective Congressional Districts, as established by an ordinance of the Convention adopted on the 8th day of March, 1868, and are entitled to certificates of election as members of the House of Representatives of the Congress of the United States for the said Districts, as herein specified:

1st Dist.—John R. French. R
2nd Dist.—David Heaton. R.
3rd Dist.—Oliver H. Dockey. R.
4th Dist. John F. Dewecse, R.
5th Dist.—Israel G. Lash. R.
6th Dist.—Nathaniel Boyden. C.
7th Dist.—Alexander H. Jones. R.

The county officers provided for and elected "shall enter upon their duties ten days after the approval of this Constitution by the Congress of the United States." (Article VII, Section 10.)

But in order that there may be no confusion, delay, or failure in the administration of justice or other government functions, and to ensure the safety of public property, the Solicitors of Judicial Circuits, Clerks of Courts, Sheriffs, Coroners and othe executive officers, charged with active administration duties, or with the care of public records, or the custody of public moneys or public property, will not be relieved from responsibility for the due discharge of the duties of their offices until their successors are duly qualified.

It is made the duty of Commanders of Posts, within the limits of their respective Jurisdictions, to see that the officers elect who are able to qualify under the constitution and laws of the United States and the Constitution and laws of the State, and have so qualified, are installed in the offices to which they have been elected and as above prescribed.

Under the requirement of the ninth Section of the law of July 23, 1867, amendatory of the law of March 2, 1867, "to provide for the more efficient government of the rebel States," the officers elect, both of the legislative and executive departments, will, before entering upon the discharge of their offices, take and subscribe the oath of office prescribed by the law of July 2, 1862, "to prescribe an oath of office, and for other purposes." This oath will be taken in duplicate; one to be filed in the office of the Secretary of State for the State of North Carolina, and the other to be forwarded to District Headquarters.

If any of the State officers elected under the new Constitution are disqualified by the third Section of the proposed amendment to the constitution of the United States, known as Article XIV, or are unable to take the oath prescribed by the law of July 2, 1862, they will not be allowed to discharge any official functions until the disability has been removed by the Congress of the United States, or unless the oath of office required by the ninth Section of the aforecited law shall have previously been dispensed with by law, or unless the said ninth Section shall have become inoperative by the fact that the people of the State have been declared by law to be entitled to representation in the Congress of the United States.

By Command of
Bvt. Maj. Gen. ED. R. S. CANBY,
LOUIS V. CAZIARC
Aid-de-Camp,
Actg Asst. Adjt Genl.

1868.

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J. W. FORNEY,
Editor and Proprietor of the CHRONICLE,

All business letters addressed to
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